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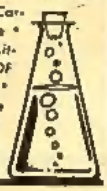

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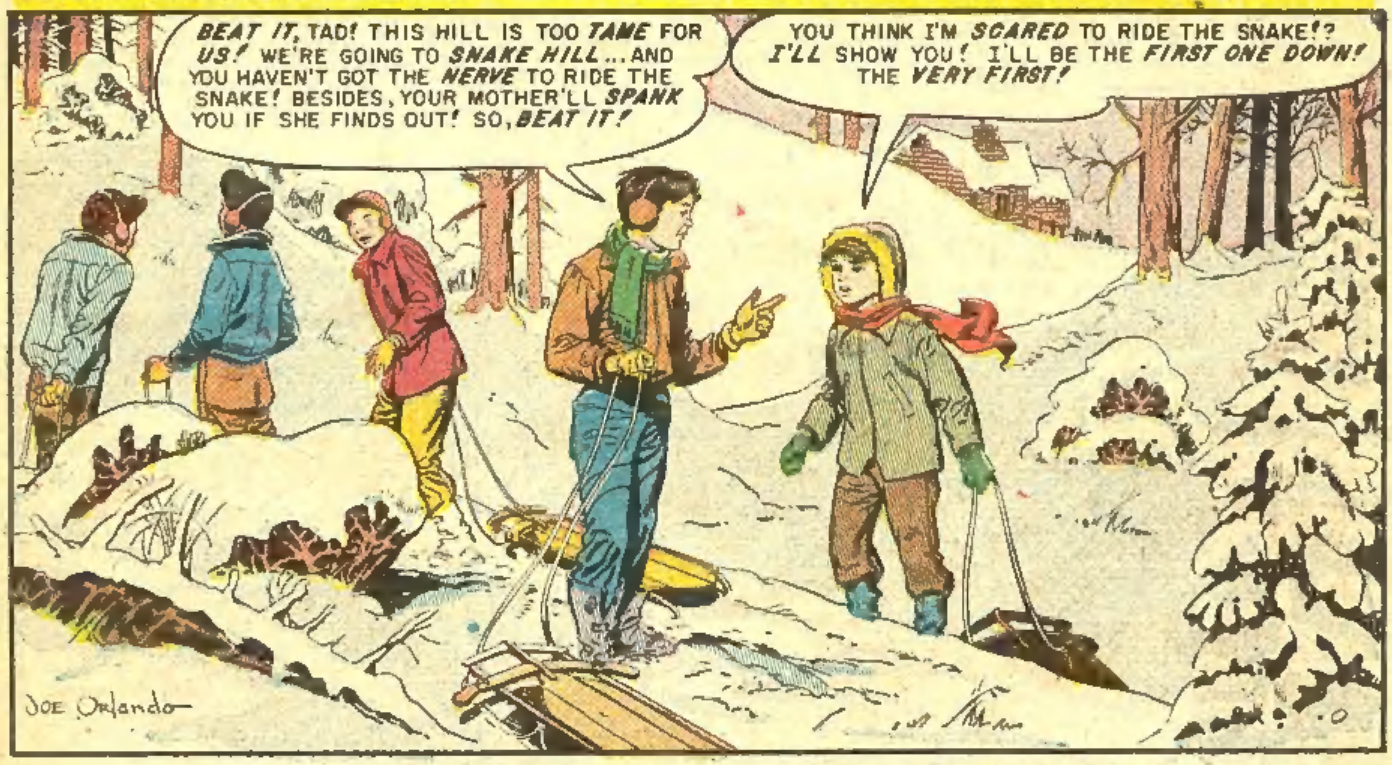
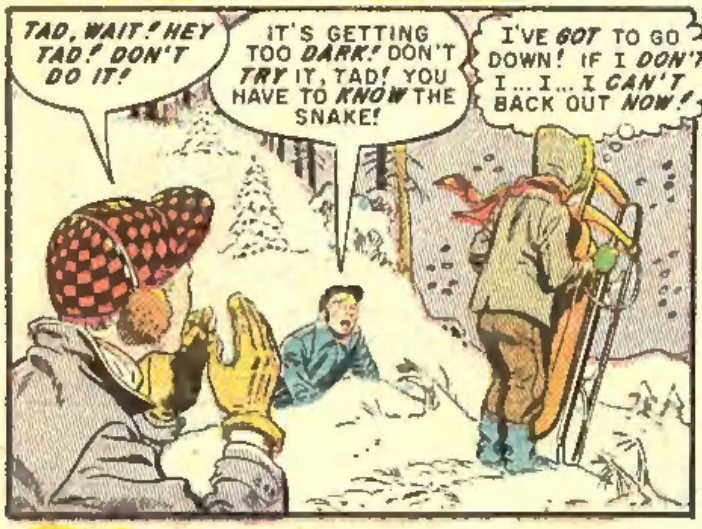
WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

DIAGNOSIS: *Pierced Thorax* PROCEDURE: *Thoracotomy*

WITH A HUMAN LIFE HANGING IN THE BALANCE, A DOCTOR IS OFTEN CALLED UPON TO MAKE THE DECISION... THE TOUGH DECISION TO GAMBLE AGAINST GREAT ODDS, WITH DEATH WAITING TO GATHER IN THE STAKE. THIS IS THE STORY OF JUST SUCH A GAMBLE, AND OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR WHO TOOK IT. IT BEGINS ON A SNOW-PACKED SLOPE IN A SMALL RURAL COMMUNITY...



DRIVEN BY A DESPERATE NEED TO BE THE EQUAL OF THE OTHER BOYS, TAD GARDNER STOOD POISED ON THE RIM OF SNAKE HILL IN THE WANING LIGHT...THE TWISTING TRAIL BEFORE HIM A CHALLENGE TO HIS COURAGE...



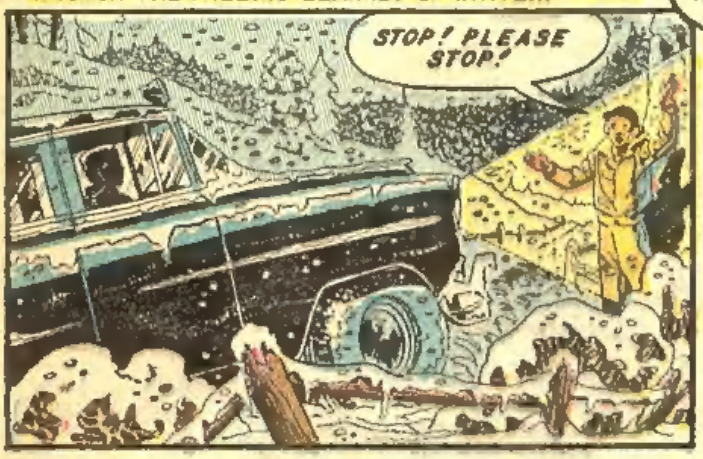
DOWN...DOWN THE TWISTING HILL TRAIL SPED THE DETERMINED BOY. THEN, BLINDED BY THE FALLING SNOW, TAD LOST SIGHT OF THE TRAIL MOMENTARILY. IN THAT SECOND, HIS HURTLING SLED LEFT THE PATH...

...SKIDDED STRAIGHT FOR A JAGGED TREE STUMP...

...AND...

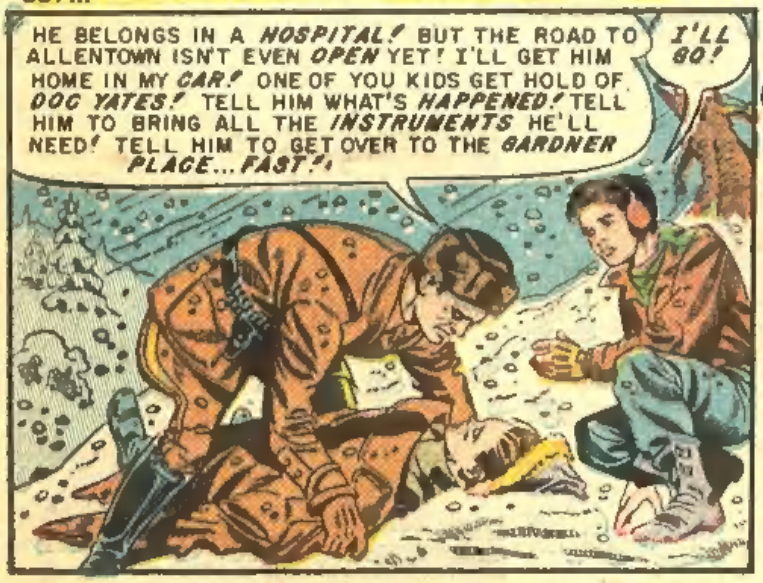
THE HORRIFIED BOYS PLUNGED RECKLESSLY DOWN THE WINDING TRAIL. THEY FOUND TAD LYING IN THE FRESHLY FALLING SNOW, HIS MACKINAW SOAKED WITH BLOOD...

THE SNOW WAS FALLING HEAVIER NOW AS LITTLE JOEY CLIMBED BACK UP THE HILL TO THE ROAD AND WAITED WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY FOR A CAR TO COME ALONG. FINALLY, HEADLIGHTS KNIFED THROUGH THE FALLING BLANKET OF WHITE...



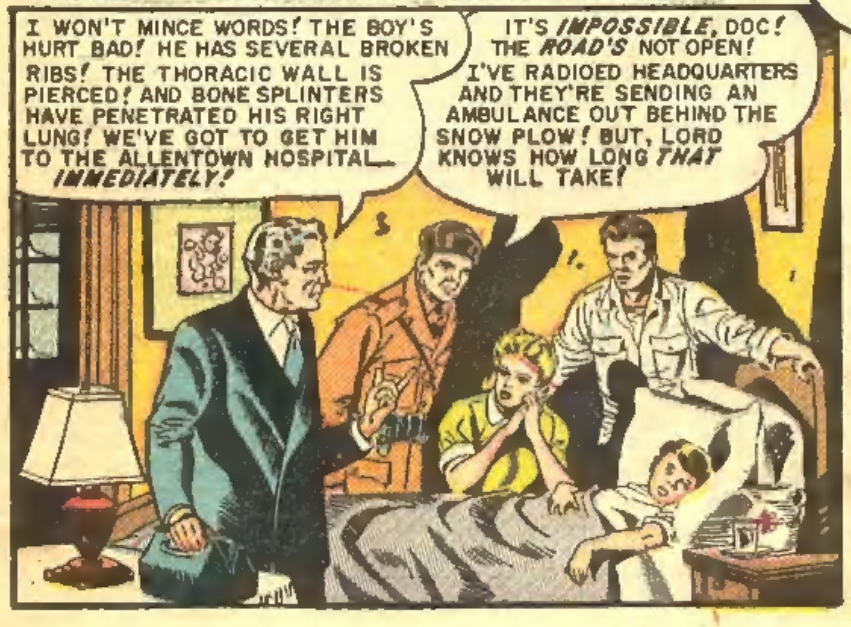
THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP. THE DRIVER LEAPED OUT...

THE STATE TROOPER STUMBLED DOWN THE HILL TO WHERE THE PROSTRATE BOY LAY, STAINING THE WHITE SNOW SCARLET...

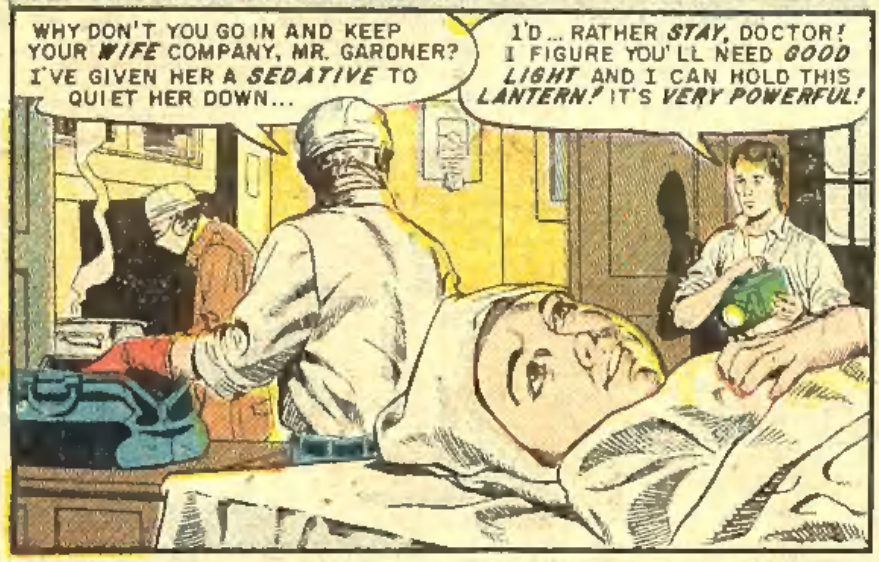


THE STATE TROOPER'S PATROL CAR CARRIED THE UNCONSCIOUS, BADLY INJURED BOY TO HIS HOME. THERE, THE OFFICER CHECKED BY TELEPHONE TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE DOCTOR WAS ON HIS WAY. THEN HE TURNED TO TAD'S DISTRAUGHT PARENTS...

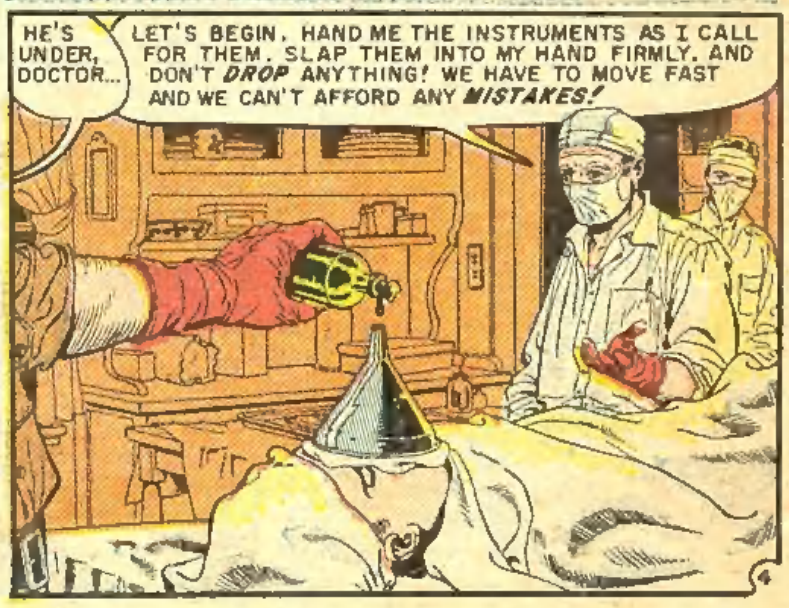
LESS THAN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, ROBERT YATES, M.D., ARRIVED AT THE GARDNER HOME. HE LOST NO TIME IN EXAMINING THE INJURED YOUNGSTER...



THE BOY WAS PLACED UPON THE KITCHEN TABLE AND THE STERILIZED INSTRUMENTS WERE LAID OUT ON A BOILED TRAY. DOCTOR YATES TURNED TO THE PALE-FACED FATHER...



ETHER FROM THE CAN WAS DRIPPED INTO AN INVERTED FUNNEL STUFFED WITH STERILE GAUZE PADS...



AN EXACTING OPERATION EVEN UNDER IDEAL O.R. CONDITIONS, A THORACOTOMY, OR CHEST SURGERY, REQUIRES SPEED AND SKILL... OTHERWISE PERMANENT DAMAGE MAY BE DONE TO THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM...

AN INCISION IS MADE AT A POINT ABOVE THE DIAPHRAGM...

RETRACTORS ARE APPLIED TO KEEP THE LONG INCISION OPEN...

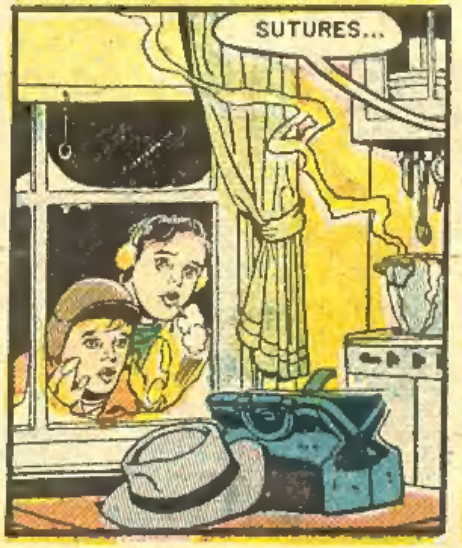
WITH THE SURGICAL SAW, THE DOCTOR CUTS THROUGH THE EXPOSED RIB CAGE, SEVERING THE BROKEN PORTIONS OF THE RIBS...

THE CLIPPERS ARE USED TO CUT AWAY CARTILEGE AND TISSUE...

HAEMOSTATS ARE CLAMPS WHICH ARE APPLIED TO SEVERED VEINS AND ARTERIES TO CHECK BLEEDING UNTIL THE DAMAGE CAN BE REPAIRED...

WITH THE PRELIMINARY WORK OUT OF THE WAY, THE DOCTOR THEN PAINSTAKINGLY REMOVES EACH SLIVER OF SHATTERED BONE FROM THE AFFECTED AREA BY MEANS OF DELICATE FORCEPS.

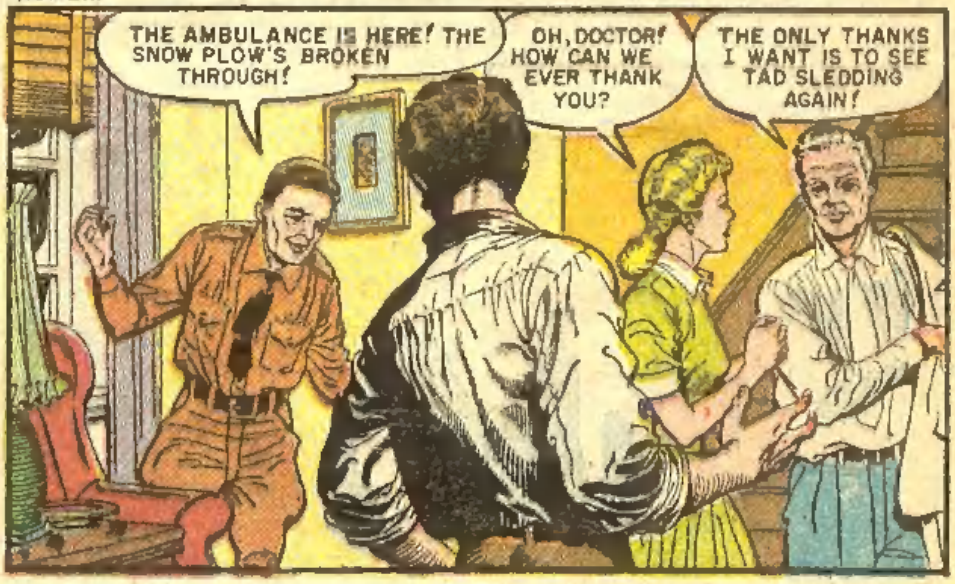
SPONGES ARE APPLIED FREQUENTLY TO ABSORB EXCESS BLOOD AND TO KEEP THE AREA CLEAR SO THE DOCTOR MAY WORK UNHAMPERED...



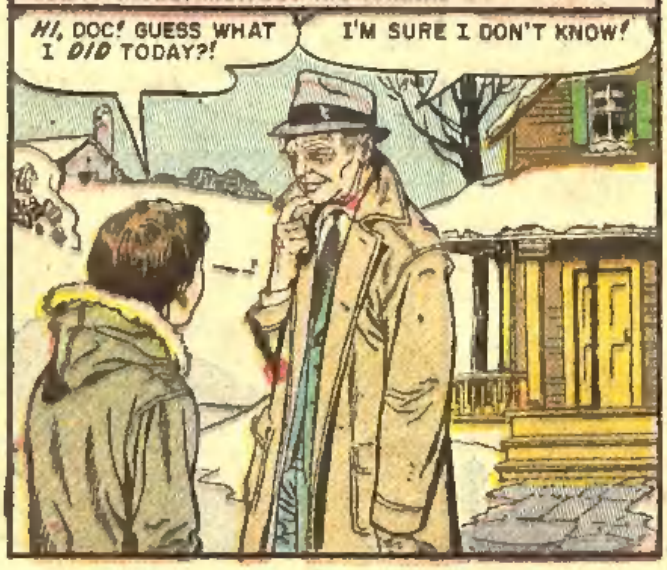
AT LAST, ALMOST ONE HOUR LATER, DR. YATES' NIMBLE FINGERS CLOSED THE INCISION WITH SUTURES AND HE TURNED WEARILY AWAY...

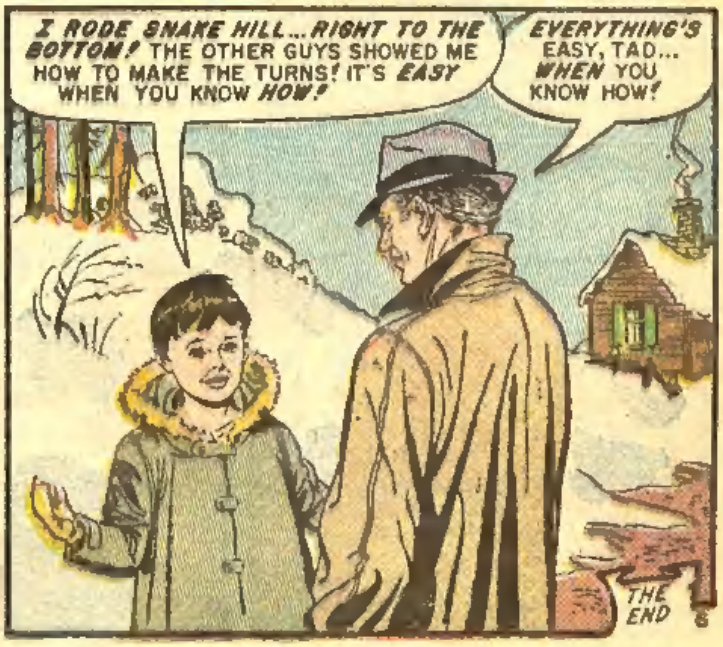
MRS. GARDNER STOOD IN THE KITCHEN DOOR...

TWO HOURS AND TEN MINUTES LATER, A SIREN WAILED OUTSIDE THE GARDNER HOME...



AND MONTHS LATER, WHEN TAD HAD HEALED, AND ONCE AGAIN SNOW BLANKETED THE COUNTRYSIDE, ROBERT YATES, M.D., GOT HIS THANKS...





THE RIGHT CURE

DIAGNOSIS: *Pancreatic Cyst* PROCEDURE: *Appendiceal Abscess*

THE M.D.'S FIGHT AGAINST SICKNESS AND DISEASE IS A BITTER, EXHAUSTING ONE. BUT HIS BATTLE AGAINST IGNORANCE, FEAR, AND SUPERSTITION IS EVEN *MORE* DESPERATE... AND, SOMETIMES, JUST AS *DEADLY*...

THE OLD HAG SAT AMID HER HERBS AND INSECTS AND ANIMAL CURES, TENDING HER LATEST PATIENT. WHILE BEYOND, ON THE PATH TO THE RUN-DOWN SHACK, JENNY VENABLE LOOKED AT HER WRITHING MOTHER AND THEN TO HER FATHER...

BUT, PA! THE MIDWIFE...THE HERBIST... THE OLD CRONE...THEY TOLD MA TO TAKE SWAMP MOSS SOUP, MOULDY BREAD, APPLE SEED OIL, SAWDUST N' SALT, GOOSEGRASS JUICE, ACORN COFFEE... ALL KINDS OF CURES. HOW CAN THOSE THINGS HELP ANYONE?
THEY DO HELP! THE VENABLES BEEN TAKIN' THEM THINGS FO' A HUNDRED YEARS! BUT MA'S GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE WRONG WITH HER! THA'S WHY THE CURES DON' TAKE!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS THET YUH GOT SOME SCHOOLIN'! A LI'L EDUCATION AN' YUH THINK YUH KNOW MORE'N YUH PAW! STAN' ASIDE, 'AFORE I WALLOP YUH!
I'M READY FO' YUH, MIZ VENABLE!
IN THE FILTHY DARKNESS OF THE OLD WOMAN'S SHACK, AMID THE BOTTLES AND THE POTS AND THE FLAPPING CHICKENS, MA VENABLE WAS EXAMINED...
I SEES YUH COMPLAINT, MIZ VENABLE! IT'S PLAIN AS A POOR MAN'S GRAVE-MARKER! YUH GOT A MASS O' MISERY GROWIN' INSIDE YUH!
IT HURTS ME NIGHT N' DAY! I-I CAN'T HARDLY MOVE... GASP...
AIN'T THERE SOME MEDICINE SHE CAN TAKE TO GET RID O' THAT LUMP, OL' NAN?
I THINK IT'S A CANCER, THAT'S WHAT I THINK! I THINK I'M GONNA DIE FROM IT!
IT'S A CANCER, ALL RIGHT, MIZ VENABLE! BUT YUH AIN'T GONNA DIE, 'CAUSE THIS HERE CURE IS GONNA FIX YUH UP! YUH NEVER HEARD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON DYIN' OF A CANCER, DID YUH?
YUH MEAN GEORGE WASHINGTON USED THIS CURE?!
YEP! HE KEPT EATIN' CRAYFISH STEWED IN DONKEY'S MILK AN' MUSHROOM STEMS, PICKLED IN VINEGAR AND STEWED IN WINE! A CUP O' THIS EVERY MORNIN' AN' THAT CANCER WILL DISAPPEAR!
AS FER THE PAIN, TAKE THIS SALVE MADE OUT'N DANDYLION WINE, GRAPE SEEDS AND BACON RIND GREASE. RUB IT ON THICK! THE SMELL ALONE WILL MAKE YUH FORGET HOW BAD IT HURTS!
BUT WHAT IF IT DON'T WORK? WE TRIED OTHER CURES...
THET WAS YER MISTAKE! YOU SHOULD HAVE COME T' OL' NAN FIRST! GIVE US A DOLLAR AND A HALF!

THE MAN AND THE GIRL HELPED THE WOMAN FROM THE SHACK, CLUTCHING THEIR CANS OF SALVES AND FLUIDS...

PA, HOW CAN YOU *BELIEVE* THAT NONSENSE?! IF MA'S *SICKNESS* WON'T KILL HER, THIS AWFUL STUFF *WILL!* THAT WOMAN IS AS *IGNORANT* AS *WE* ARE!

YUH *STARTIN'* AGAIN, JENNY!? I'LL...

P-PLEASE! *NO FIGHTS!* I...GASP... I CAIN'T STAND THIS FIGHTIN'!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE IF I... I TAKE *THIS* CURE *TOO*, JENNY? IT AIN'T GONNA *HELP!* I...I'M GONNA DIE *ANYWAY!* I...*GASP*... I ONLY HOPE IT'S *SOON!*

YUH *SEE* WHAT YUH DONE!? YUH MADE HER TALK OF *DYIN'* AGIN!

I...I'M *SORRY*, PA! BUT MA NEEDS A *DOCTOR!*

NO, JENNIE! *GASP*... WHAT I NEED IS A *QUICK FINISH!* IF YER PA WAS *GOOD* T'ME, HE'D *KILL* ME, 'STEAD O' DRAGGIN' ME AROUND TO FIND *CURES!*

DON'T *TALK* LIKE THAT, MA! YOU'RE *NOT GOIN'* T' DIE! WE WON'T *LET* YUH!

SO THEY TOOK MA VENABLE HOME AND THEY FED HER THE OLD WOMAN'S QUACK CURES. AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

IT...GASP... IT AIN'T *HELPIN'* ME, PAW! *GASP*... I-I'M FEELIN' *WORSE!* *KILL* ME! I-I'M *BEGGIN'* YUH, PAW! *KILL ME! PUT ME OUT O' MY PAIN!*

DON'T *ASK* ME THET, MA! I *CAIN'T* KILL YUH! *JENNY! HURRY UP WITH THAT CURE!*

I DON'T *WANT* NO MORE CURE! *SOB*... I-I'M A *GONER!* *DON'T* LET ME *SUFFER! PLEASE, PA! PLEASE!*

PA! *LISTEN* TO ME! THERE'S A *DOCTOR* IN CAMVILLE! *GET* HIM! LET *HIM* EXAMINE MA! *PLEASE!* WHAT DO PEOPLE LIKE *OLD MAN* KNOW!?

WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW!? *SHUT UP*, I TOL' YUH! *NOBODY* IN THE HILLS TRUSTS *DOCTORS!* DOCTORS ARE *FURRINERS! OUTSIDERS!*

NO DOCTORS! NO! ALL I WANT IS *PEACE! PA!* GIVE ME *PEACE!* TAKE DOWN YER *RIFLE!* I'M *BEGGIN'* YUH!

DON'T *TALK* LIKE THAT, MA! YOU *KNOW* HOW I FEEL! I...GULP. I CAIN'T SEE YUH GOIN' *ON* LIKE THIS!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

PA' WHAT MA *ASKED* FOR! YOU WOULDN'T *DO* IT, WOULD YOU?

JENNIE...SHE'S... IN TERRIBLE PAIN! SHE CAN'T SLEEP! IT...IT AIN'T FAIR TO *KEEP* HER LIKE THIS.

NO, PA! YOU... YOU WOULDN'T...

I AIN'T SAYING I WOULD, JENNIE! BUT I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'! I JUS' AIN'T GOT THE HEART AN' MIND T' LISTEN T'MA SCREAMIN' AN' MOANIN' AN' DO NUTHIN' ABOUT IT?!

HE *MIGHT DO IT!* HE'D *KILL* HER! WITHOUT EVEN HAVIN' A REGULAR *DOCTOR* IN TO SEE WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH HER! I... I'M GOIN' T' *CAMVILLE*...BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE!*

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HAROLD BENSON, M.D., OPENED HIS DOOR TO FRANTIC KNOCKING...

I-I'M SORRY TO WAKE YOU UP SO EARLY...*GASP!* I'M JENNIE VENABLE! WE'RE HILL FOLKS! I... I'VE BEEN WALKIN' ALL NIGHT! *GASP*...

YOU CAME DOWN THE MOUNTAIN *YOURSELF!?* ■ THE DARK?! *GOOD HEAVENS*, CHILD! YOU MUST BE *EXHAUSTED!* COME IN!

HAROLD BENSON M.D.

THE EXHAUSTED YOUNG GIRL TOLD THE DOCTOR OF MEDICINE THE WHOLE STORY...

AND SO YOUR MOTHER ■ THINKING OF A *MERCY KILLING!?* HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOUR PA THAT THE MOST MERCIFUL THING WOULD BE TO LET A *DOCTOR* EXAMINE HER?!

YOU KNOW HILL FOLKS, DOCTOR BENSON! THEY DON'T *TRUST* OUTSIDERS... LIKE DOCTORS! THEY'RE *IGNORANT*... *SUPERSTITIOUS!* MA'S BEEN SICK FOR *MONTHS*...

PA'S DRAGGED HER TO EVERY *HERBIST* AND *QUACK* IN THE HILLS! SHE'S ONLY GOTTEN *SICKER!* NOW SHE'S BEGGIN' MY PA TO *KILL* HER! YOU'VE GOT TO *COME*, DOCTOR! YOU'VE GOT TO *SAVE* HER!

GET MY *GRIP* READY, ALICE. I'M GOING UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS...

AND SO, AS THE DAWN SUN CHASED THE MIST FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, AN AUTOMOBILE WITH M.D. LICENSE PLATES SPED ALONG IT...

I ONLY HOPE SHE ISN'T DEAD *ALREADY!*

IT'S *TRAGIC*, JENNIE! FOLKS *DESTROY* THEMSELVES OUT OF *SHEER IGNORANCE!* LUCKILY *YOU* HAD SOME *SCHOOLING*...

AN HOUR LATER, THE DOCTOR AND THE YOUNG GIRL LEAPED FROM THE CAR AND BURST INTO THE MOUNTAIN SHACK...

J-JENNIE! WHERE IN TARNATION DID YUH RUN OFF TO?! WHO'S THIS MAN?!

I'M A DOCTOR, MR. VENABLE! I UNDERSTAND YOU NEED ONE... BADLY!

WE DON'T NEED NUTHIN'... LEAST OF ALL YOUR POKIN' YOUR NOSE HERE! NOW, GIT! GIT, AFORE I LET YUH HAVE BOTH BARRELS OF THIS SHOTGUN!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, VENABLE! IF YOUR WIFE HAS A TUMOR, SHE NEEDS MEDICAL HELP... COMPETENT MEDICAL HELP!

IT'S NO USE TALKIN' SENSE T'HIM, DOCTOR! I TRIED THAT! DROP IT, PA! DROP THAT SHOTGUN! THE DOCTOR'S GONNA LOOK AFTER MA!

JENNIE! MY OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD... TURNIN' ON ME...

SHE'S NOT TURNING ON YOU, MR. VENABLE! SHE HAS THE GOOD SENSE TO REALIZE THAT YOUR WIFE'S ONLY CHANCE LIES IN BEING GIVEN MEDICAL ATTENTION... AT ONCE!

GO AHEAD, DOCTOR! TAKE HER! I'LL COVER PA!

I'M SORRY TO MOVE YOU, MRS. VENABLE... BUT I MUST GET YOU TO THE CAMVILLE HOSPITAL...

MOMENTS LATER, A CAR ROARED DOWN THE WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD...

I REGRET PUTTIN' A GUN ON PA, BUT I HAD TO, MA! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!

YOUR PA WILL BE FUMIN'...GASP... JENNIE! HE'LL... COME AFTER US!

WE'LL HAVE A GOOD FOUR HOUR JUMP ON HIM, MRS. VENABLE! IN THAT TIME, WE CAN DO A LOT FOR YOU!

AT CAMVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL, HENRIETTA VENABLE WAS ADMITTED AND AN EXAMINATION WAS MADE...

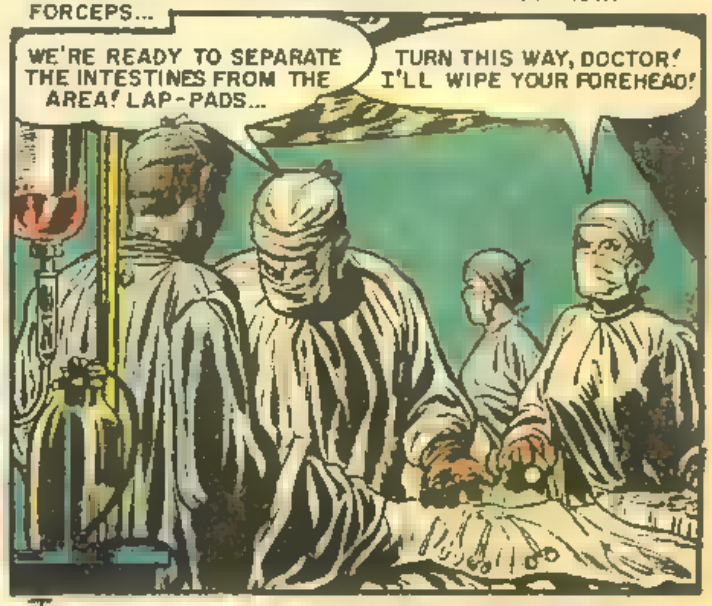
PATIENT COMPLAINS OF CONSTANT DRAGGING SENSATION. PHYSICAL EXAMINATION REVEALS ENORMOUS MASS, PRODUCING HEAVY PRESSURE ON ADJOINING AREAS... REGION: RIGHT LOWER QUADRANT...

DOCTOR BENSON SHOOK HIS HEAD...

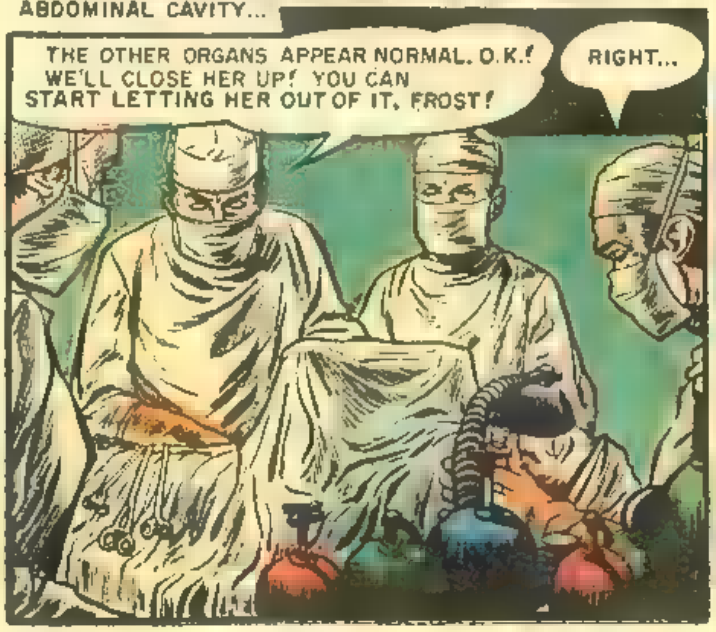
42 MINUTES LATER, THE PATIENT WAS IN THE OPERATING ROOM AND THE TREATMENT OF HER APPENDICEAL ABSCESS BEGAN...

THE INCISION WAS MADE. HEMOSTATS, TIES, SPONGES WERE CALLED FOR AND APPLIED. ABSCESS WAS UNCOVERED.

INSTRUMENTS SLAPPED AGAINST THE DOCTOR'S GLOVED HANDS: CLAMPS... SPONGE-STICKS... RETRACTORS... FORCEPS...



THE ABSCESS WAS DRAINED. THE SURGEON EXPLORED THE ABDOMINAL CAVITY...



THE INCISION WAS CLOSED, SUTURED, AND CLIPPED...

DOCTOR BENSON STEPPED INTO THE WAITING ROOM WHERE JENNIE VENABLE WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY...

YOUR MOTHER IS GOING TO BE *FINE*, JENNIE! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO *SEE* HER IN A FEW HOURS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, DOCTOR... BUT...BUT WHAT ABOUT *PA*? HE'LL *BE* HERE BY THEN! WHAT'LL I *DO*?

JUST TAKE HIM UP, AND LET HIM SEE HIS *WIFE*, JENNIE! LET HIM SEE THAT HE WON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT *KILLING* HER TO PUT HER OUT OF HER MISERY ANYMORE!

TWO HOURS LATER, A DUST-CAKED, GRIM-FACED ANGRY MAN STRODE THROUGH THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAMVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL BRANDISHING A LOADED SHOTGUN...

PA!

WHERE IS HE!? WHERE'S THAT... THAT DOCTOR? I'LL KILL HIM!

PA! MA'S ALL RIGHT! SHE'S WAITIN' T'SEE YOU!

I'LL KILL HIM IF'N IT'S THE LAST THIN- ...HUH?! SHE'S... SHE'S ALL RIGHT!

THEY OPERATED ON HER, PA! THEY TOOK OUT THE CANCER! SHE'S GONNA LIVE... WITHOUT PAIN!

YOU'RE *LYIN'*! YOU'RE NOT TELLIN' ME THE *TRUTH*! *NOBODY* COULD FIX 'ER UP! NOT THE *OLD CRONE*... OR *OL' MAN*...OR *THE MIDWIFE*...

PA! THEY WASN'T *DOCTORS*! C'MON! I'LL TAKE YOU *TO* HER! *YOU'LL* SEE!

THAT EVENING, WHEN HAROLD BENSON, M.D., STOPPED BY THE HOSPITAL...

GOOD EVENING! ER... DO I NEED A *POLICE GUARD*!

OH, *DOCTOR*! NO! *NO*! *COME* IN! *PA'S* NOT ANGRY *ANY-MORE*!

I...I ACTED LIKE A *BLASTED IDYUT*, DOC! I'M SHORE *SORRY*!

I'M ONLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T BRING HER TO ME *SOONER*, VENABLE. SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN *SPARED* A LOT OF *PAIN*! BUT IT'S LUCKY WE *CAUGHT* IT *WHEN* WE DID! ANOTHER FEW DAYS AND SHE MIGHT HAVE DIED...

DON'T YOU WORRY, DOC! I'M A-GOIN' T'SPREAD THE WORD IN THE HILLS! WHEN YOU GO TO A *QUACK*...YOU'RE A *DEAD DUCK*!

THE END

THE NEEDLES

Dear Editors,

The fight for life, the sustenance of life by capable benefactors, and the science that goes hand in hand with it has always been, to me, one of the most interesting and dramatic of human endeavors. The modern M.D., with extensive training and calm, quick, sure ability is as much a necessity today as food and drink. You at E.C. have done it again. You've put out a great mag, one that makes a person thank the Lord above that there are a few people who love humanity enough to help anyone, anytime, anywhere, and be satisfied with that accomplishment though they usually receive the smallest of payment or reward in return.

Keith Nutt
Midland, Texas

...An ignorant public is a fearful public. When we know nothing about disease, we fear it. Through your wonderful new magazine, young people all over will have the opportunity to learn more about disease. E.C. wins the "Oscar" again.

Linda Lave
Philadelphia, Pa.

...I have read E.C. magazine exclusively for several years. The "E.C. SEAL" has been sufficient assurance for me to buy. The first issue of "M.D." was very interesting to me. It can become a great magazine. Adults have little time to read these days, so there is no reason at all why a mature comic like "M.D" cannot be successful.

D. E. Sullivan
Tobyhanna, Pa.

...I've never been so enthusiastic about a magazine until this one came out.

Richard Feinstein
Brooklyn, N. Y

...I don't remember ever reading such a wonderful magazine as this one. I checked a few facts and your book transfers the information accurately.

Roger Seymann
New York City

...My mother has finally found a comic book she likes. She read "M.D." and said she was really touched by its stories. Her sentiments go double for me.

Jack Glass
Royal Oak, Mich.

..."M.D." left me speechless

R. Dorman
Buffalo, N. Y.

...Your competitors will be tearing their hair out trying to imitate this one.

Wayne Komer
Ontario, Canada

...If they gave out "Oscars" for the best comic book story, "Janie Someday" in your first issue would surely get it. And the rest of the stories were great. They were authentc and true to life. I can't see how "M.D." can fail to click with old and new E.C. fans.

Robert Logan
Waltham, Mass.

...The story I liked was "The Antidote." I had my appendix out when I was twelve and your story was so real. It happened to me almost the same way! "M.D." is the greatest comic book out.

Richard Mendoza
Los Angeles, Calif.

..."M.D." is by far the best literature I have ever been able to buy for ten cents.

Albert Kirsch
Brooklyn, N. Y.

...I showed "M.D." to my mother and she said that this is the best comic she ever saw. She told me that if this is what E.C. is publishing, I can buy all I want, and she'll never put up a squawk. With stories like "Janie Someday" and the rest in No. 1, you can't help hitting the top.

Dennis Rullo
Astoria, L. I.

...I can't get my mind off it. I am going to tell all my friends about your wonderful magazine.

Jean Woolley
Port Clinton, Ohio

...I have just finished my second reading of "M.D.". A "New Direction" was certainly needed in your industry and I feel your attempts commendable. I work in a hospital. Maybe that is why I thought your magazine especially praiseworthy. For the first time, I have recommended a comic magazine to my parents and expect their approval. Thanks for daring to crash the market of trash!

Mary O'Connor
Pawtucket, R. I.

...I was surprised to find such a vast amount of medicinal knowledge inside a ten-cent book. This new type of comic magazine far surpasses any of the other junk put out. Keep putting out books like "M.D." and maybe the idea people have against comic magazines will change for the better.

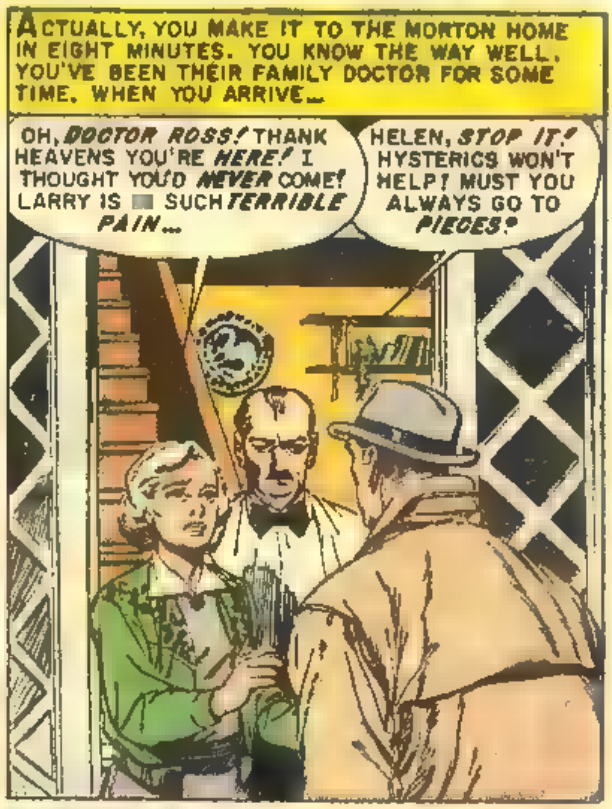
John C. Gallagher
Philadelphia, Pa.

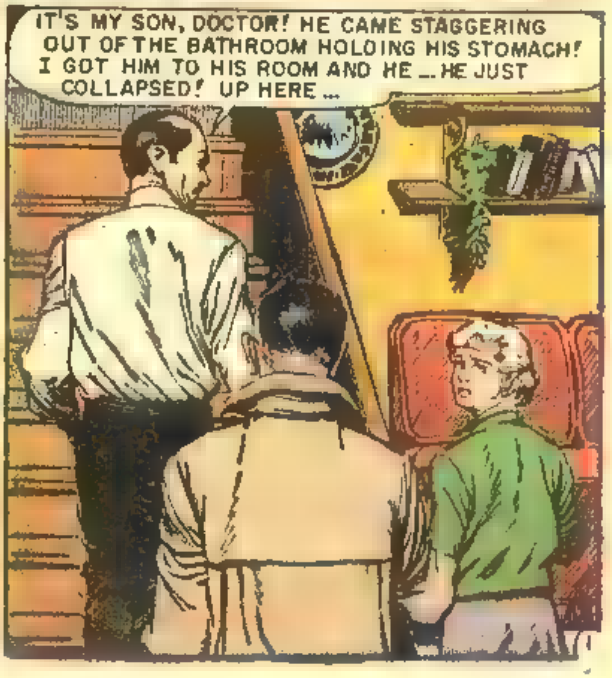
Well, we've just about ran out of space. The address for criticisms, compliments, suggestions, etc. is:

The Editors
M.D.
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
New York 12, N. Y.

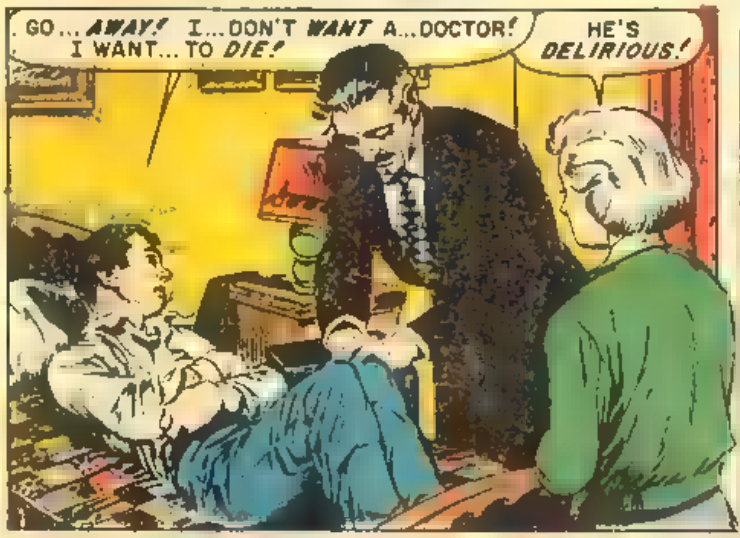
SHOCK TREATMENT

DIAGNOSIS: *Reactive Depression* PROCEDURE: *Electro-Shock Therapy*

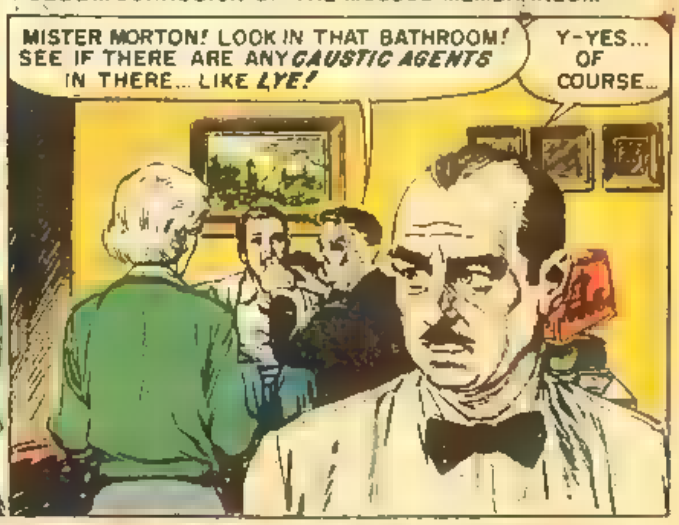




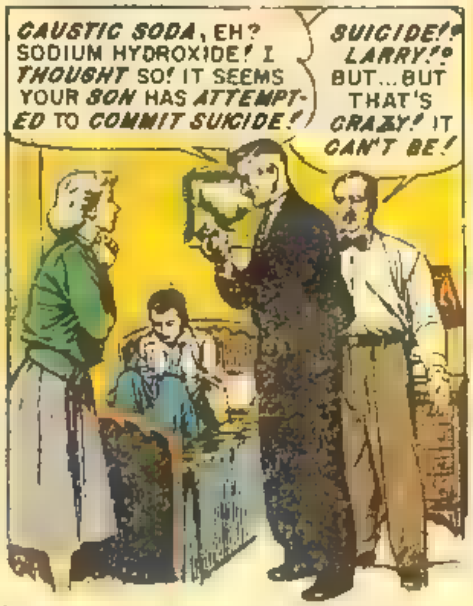
YOUNG MORTON LIES ON THE CRUMPLED BEDDING. YOU KNOW HIM AS A QUIET BOY...SHY...RETIRING. HE LOOKS UP AT YOU AND HIS PAIN-FILLED EYES ARE HOSTILE...



NO, YOU DON'T THINK YOUNG MORTON IS DELIRIOUS! NOT IN THE SENSE HIS MOTHER MEANS! YOU CHECK HIM QUICKLY. SHALLOW RESPIRATION...RAPID AND FEEBLE PULSE...CORROSION OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANES...

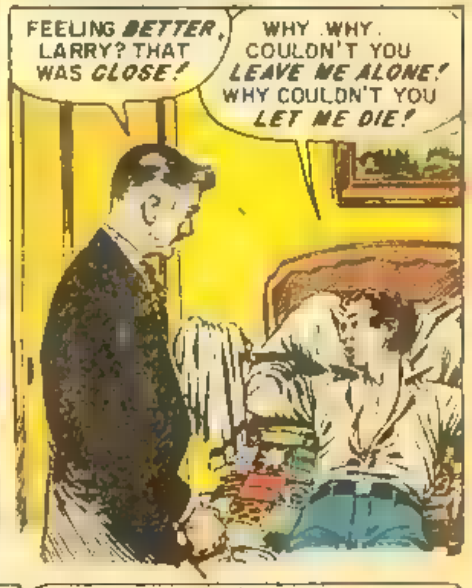


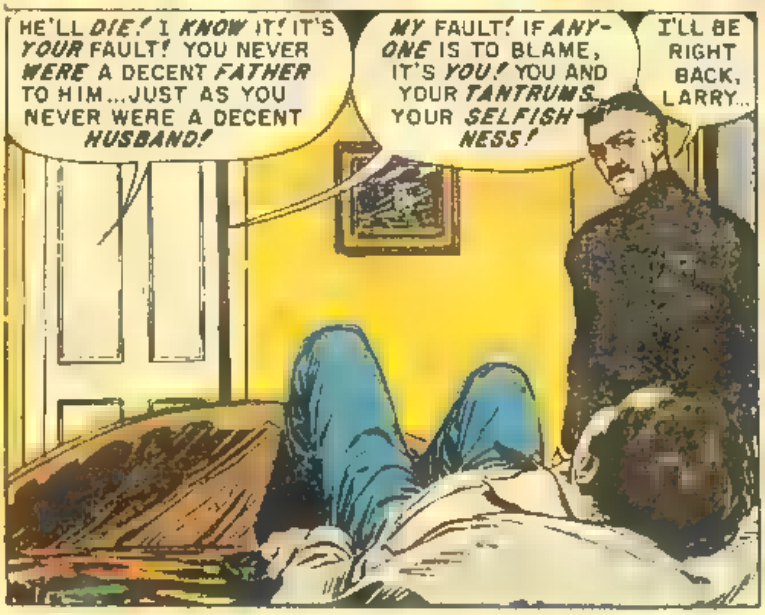
MORTON RUSHES OUT. YOU'RE ALMOST CERTAIN OF WHAT HE'LL FIND. WHEN HE RETURNS, YOU'RE NOT SURPRISED AT ALL...

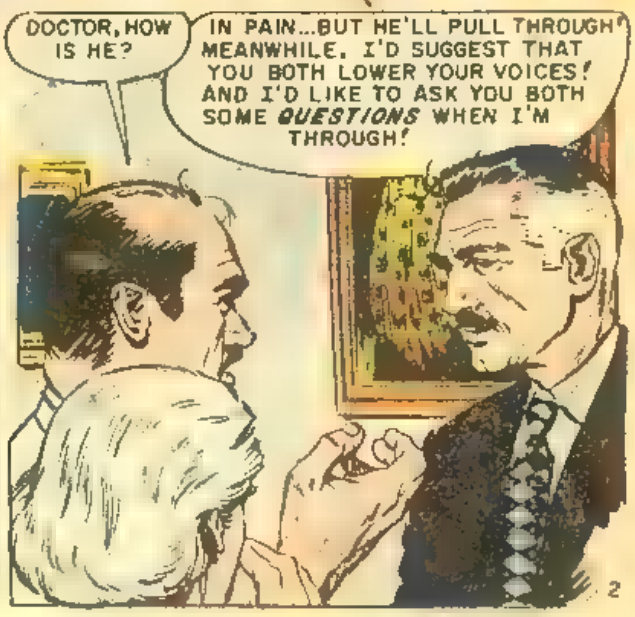


YOU ADMINISTER TANNIC ACID IN WATER. THEN A TWO-TENTHS SOLUTION OF POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE. IT ISN'T ENOUGH...

USE OF A STOMACH TUBE IS ALWAYS A RISK. IT COULD CAUSE GASTRIC PERFORATION. BUT YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! YOU USE IT...AND YOU WIN YOUR BATTLE...







LATER, YOU ASK YOUR QUESTIONS... AND YOU GET THE ANSWERS YOU'D EXPECTED. THE PATIENT HAS BEEN MOODY... SUBMISSIVE... PREOCCUPIED WITH SCHOOL WORK...

I SEE. TELL ME, HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY *CHANGES* IN HIM RECENTLY? DOES HE *STOOP... SLEEP POORLY... AVOID PHYSICAL ACTIVITY?*

WHY... YES! I'VE NOTICED *ALL* OF THOSE THINGS... LATELY!

BUT... BUT DOCTOR! I DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* LARRY *HAS* EVERYTHING! WHY SHOULD HE WANT TO *DIE?*

BECAUSE I'M AFRAID YOUR SON IS SUFFERING FROM *ACUTE REACTIVE DEPRESSION*, MR. MORTON! HE'S *MENTALLY ILL!* HE NEEDS *PSYCHIATRIC CARE! IMMEDIATELY!*

YOU STATE YOUR DIAGNOSIS BLUNTLY. IT'S BETTER THAT WAY, SOMETIMES. AFTER A WHILE MORTON NODS, DAZED... AND YOU MAKE YOUR CALL...

ELEVEN A.M. TOMORROW? GOOD! THANK YOU, DOCTOR! I'LL MEET YOU HERE!

THE PSYCHIATRIST, DOCTOR ROLAND ANDERSON, THE MAN YOU CALL, IS ONE OF THE BEST IN HIS FIELD. NEXT DAY, HE SPENDS TWO HOURS WITH YOUNG LARRY... AND CONFIRMS YOUR DIAGNOSIS...

A... *HOSPITAL?* BUT, *DOCTOR!* CAN'T *WE* TAKE CARE OF HIM *HERE?* HE'S NOT *DANGEROUS*, IS HE?

ONLY TO *HIMSELF!* MR. MORTON, *FORGIVE* THIS QUESTION, BUT... WHAT KIND OF A *HOME LIFE* HAS YOUR SON HAD?

WHAT I MEAN IS... WELL... *USUALLY* MANIC-DEPRESSIVES ARE INFLUENCED BY *ENVIRONMENT!* THEY *ASSOCIATE* THEMSELVES WITH THE UNHAPPINESS OF *OTHERS! PARENTS*, MOSTLY...

I *SEE!* THEN... *THAT'S* WHAT *CAUSED* IT! MY... WIFE... AND I *AREN'T*... VERY HAPPY... TOGETHER!

BUT THERE MUST BE *MORE* TO IT THAN *THAT!* DOCTOR! CAN YOU *HELP* HIM?

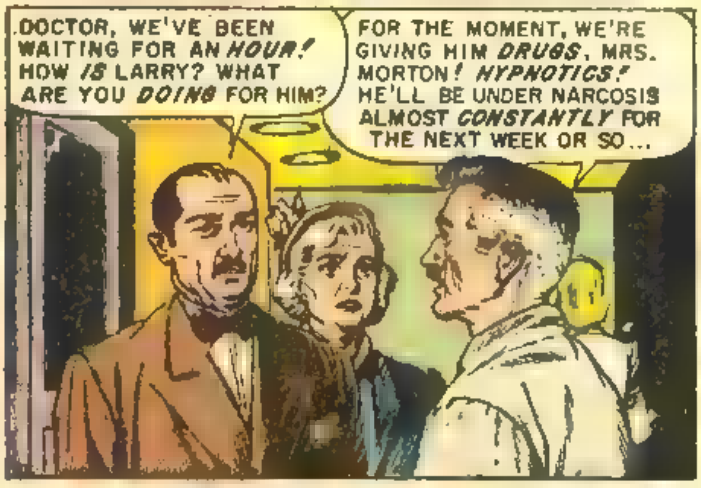
WE'LL HELP HIM, MISTER MORTON! YOUR SON CAN BE *CURED!* BUT NOT *HERE! NEXT* TIME... HIS ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE MIGHT *SUCCEED!* I'M AFRAID *HOSPITALIZATION* IS THE *ONLY ANSWER*...

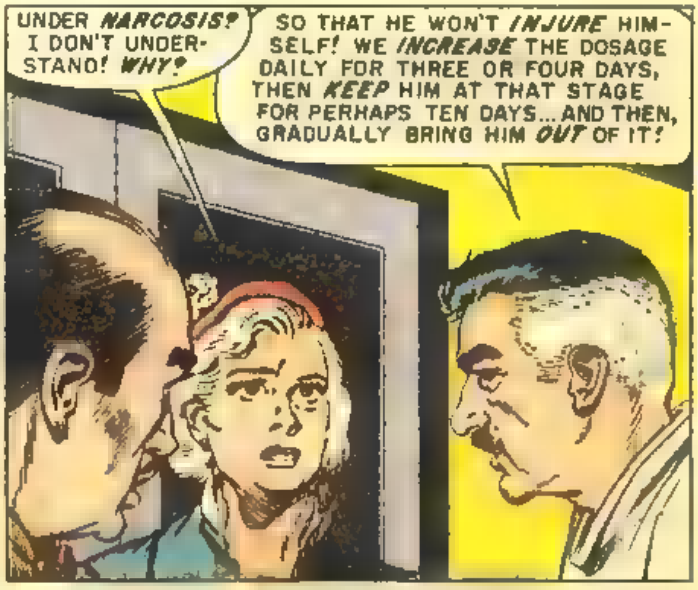
THE PATIENT IS REMOVED FROM HIS HOME AND TAKEN IN THE HOSPITAL. YOU AND ANDERSON BEGIN TREATMENT...

CHLORAL HYDRATE, TWO GRAMS. BARBITAL, THREE-TENTHS GRAM. PARALDEHYDE, SIX CC'S. ANYTHING ELSE, DOCTOR?

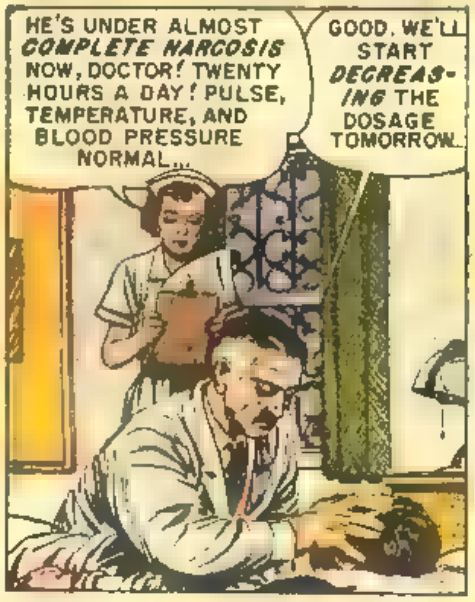
NOT FOR THE PRESENT! ADMINISTER THE DOSAGE EVERY THREE HOURS!

USUALLY, MANIC-DEPRESSION STRIKES BETWEEN THE AGES OF TWENTY-FIVE AND THIRTY-FIVE. BUT NOT ALWAYS. SO NOW YOU HAVE YOUR DIAGNOSIS AND YOU'VE BEGUN TREATMENT. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CAUSE?





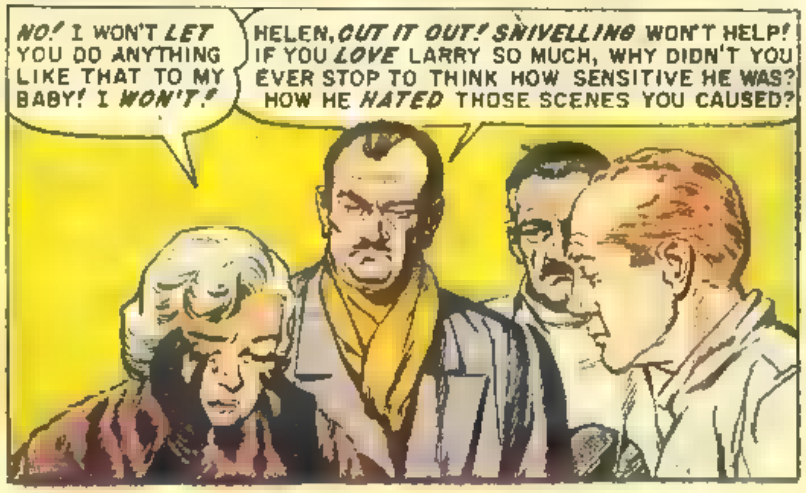
YOU EXPLAIN AS BEST YOU CAN, BUT YOU'RE THINKING... THESE ARE THE REAL PATIENTS... THE CAUSATIVES! YOU ONLY HOPE THAT, IN THE NEXT WEEKS, YOU CAN UNDO THE DAMAGE THEY'VE DONE...

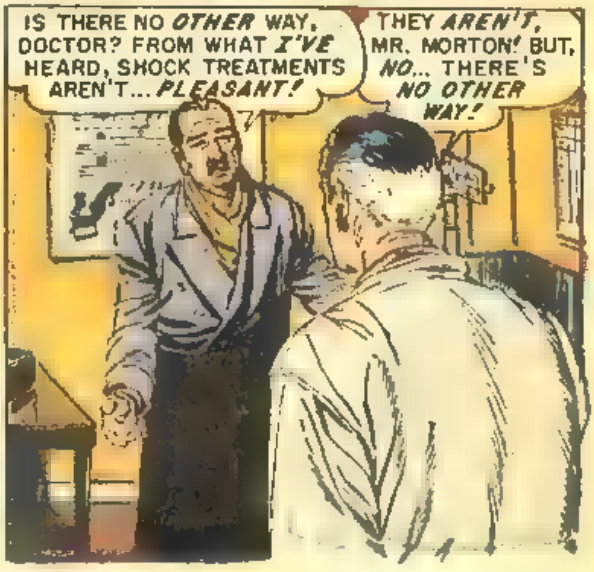


ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY, THE PATIENT IS BROUGHT OUT OF HIS STUPOR. THEN, DR. ANDERSON TAKES OVER...

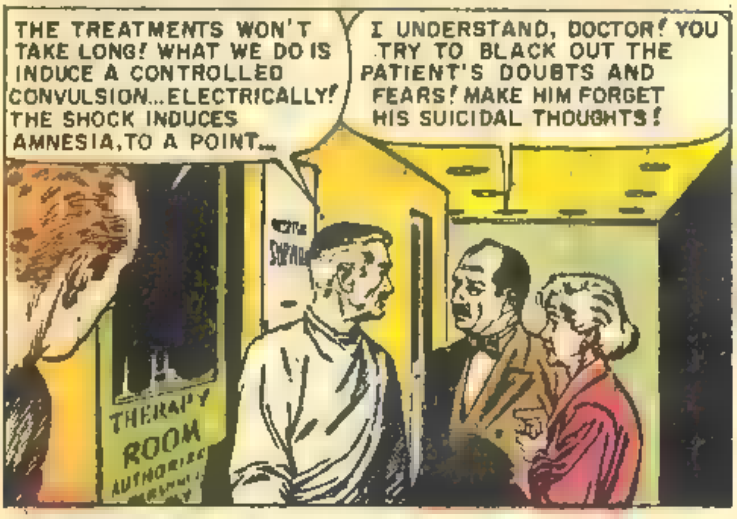
PSYCHOTHERAPY CAN BE STARTED AT THIS POINT, BUT ONLY IF THE NARCOSIS HAS INDUCED PARTIAL AMNESIA! DR. ANDERSON MAKES HIS TESTS... AND THE RESULTS ARE NEGATIVE...

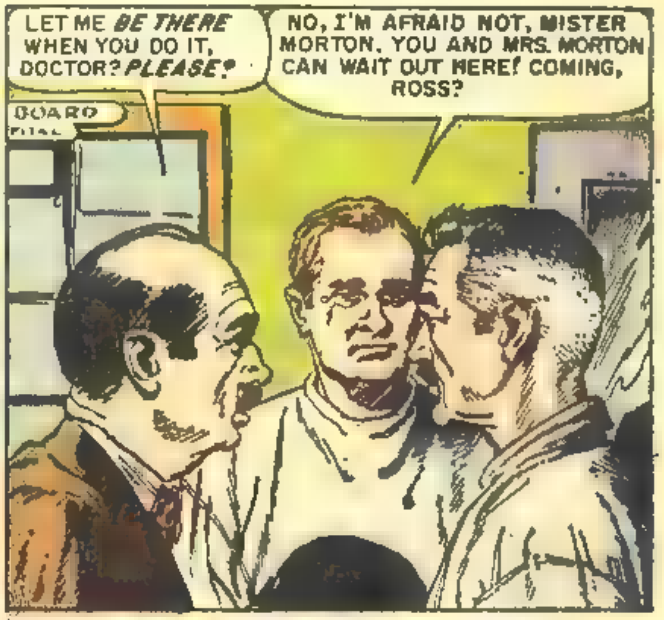
YOU'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, *TOO!* YOU MAY *CURE* THE BOY BUT WHAT OF HIS *PARENTS?* WHEN YOU TELL THEM, THEIR REACTION IS TYPICAL...



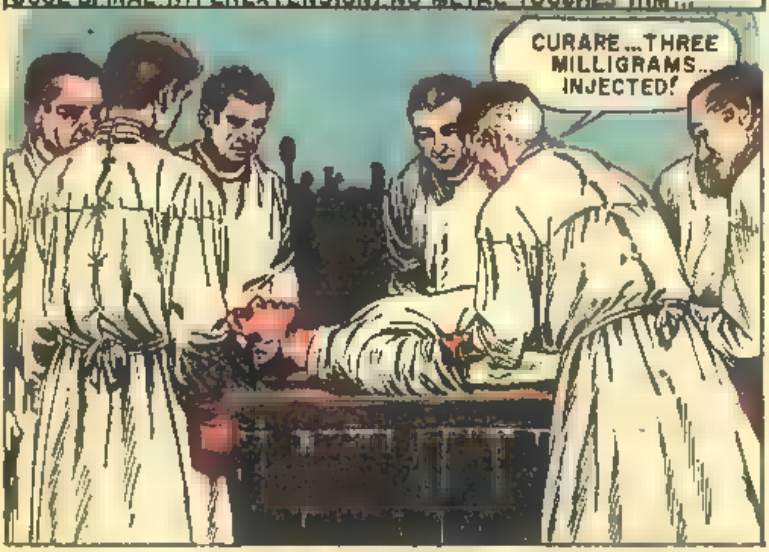


ANDERSON STATES THE CASE BALDLY... AND MORTON NODS WEAKLY ■ CONSENT. THAT AFTERNOON, YOU ARRANGE FOR A TREATMENT ROOM, AND IN THE MORNING YOU TRY TO SOOTHE THE PARENTS' FEARS...



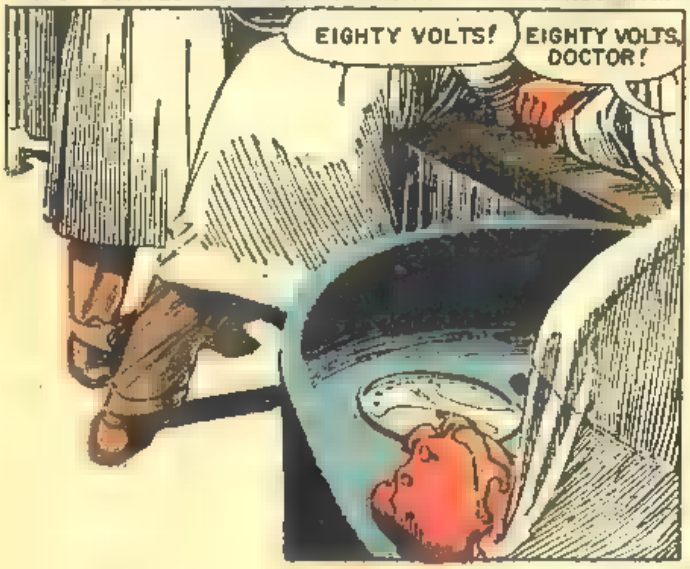


ANDERSON STANDS ASIDE TO LET YOU PASS AND YOU STEP INTO THE THERAPY ROOM. EVERYTHING IS READY. THE BOY LIES ON A RESILIENT BUT RIGID PAD, A PILLOW UNDER HIS SPINE TO INDUCE SPINAL HYPEREXTENSION. NO METAL TOUCHES HIM...

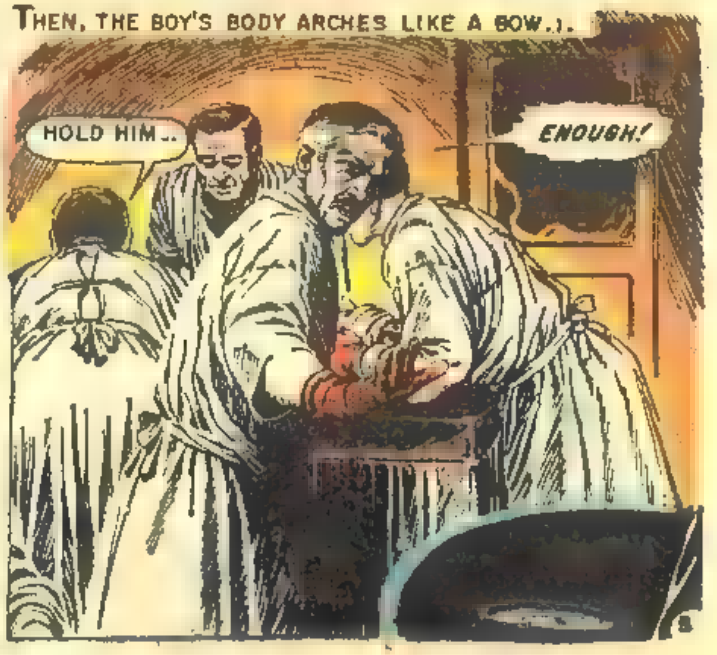


THE PATIENT LIES QUIET... APATHETIC... WHILE YOU INJECT CURARE TO REDUCE MUSCULAR SPASM. A PAD ■ PLACED IN HIS MOUTH TO PROTECT HIS TEETH AND TONGUE. THEN...

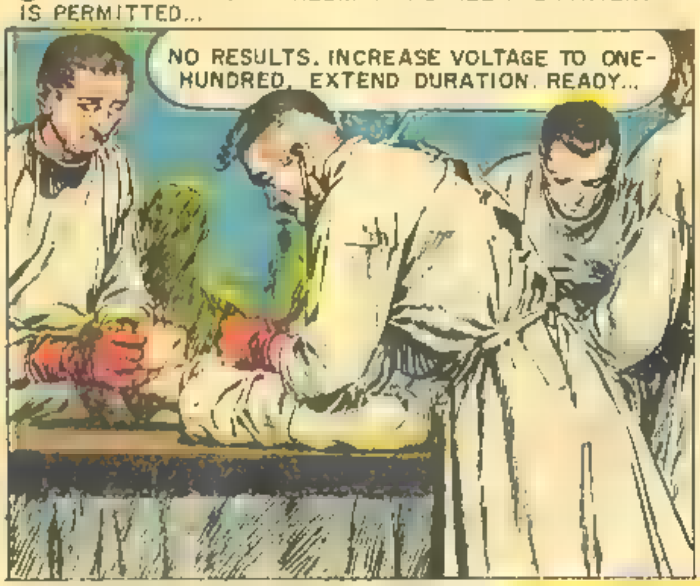
LARRY DOES NOT MOVE WHEN THE ELECTRODES ARE APPLIED TO HIS WASHED, ELECTROLYTIC-CONDUCTING JELLY-COATED TEMPLES. BUT ONLY FOR AN INSTANT...



THEN, THE BOY'S BODY ARCHES LIKE A BOW...

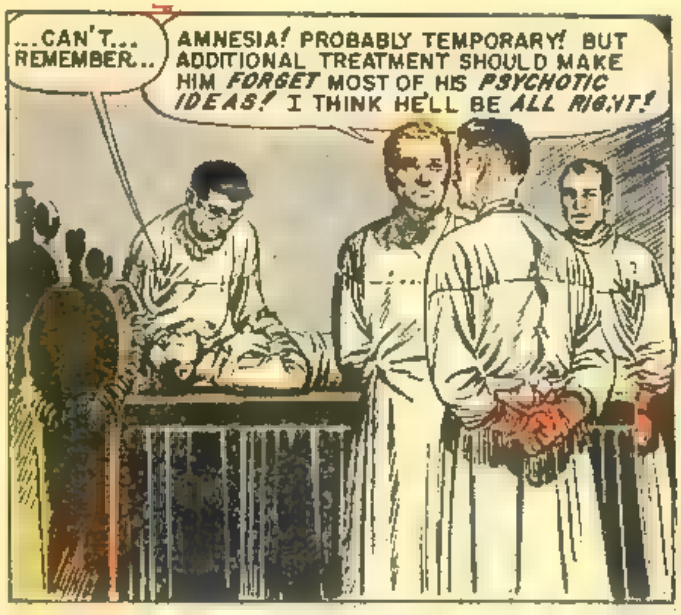


ONE BREATH...TWO...THREE...THAT'S ALL THE PATIENT IS PERMITTED...

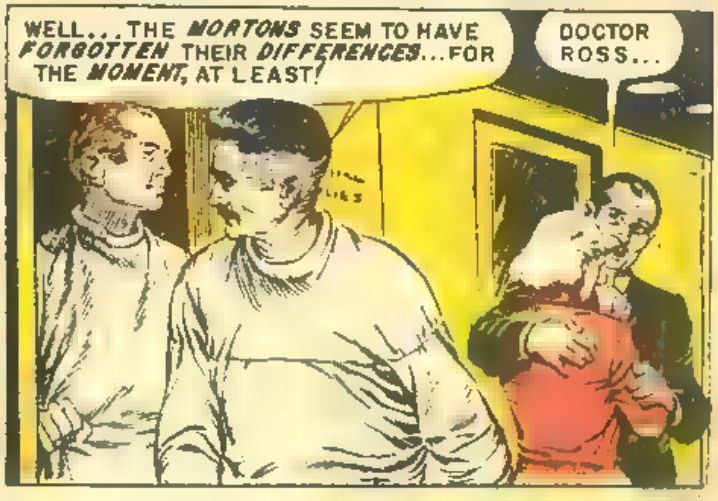


THE SECOND SHOCK SHOWS RESULTS. THE EXTENSOR MUSCLES GO RIGID. THEN THERE IS CONTRACTION OF THE FLEXORS...

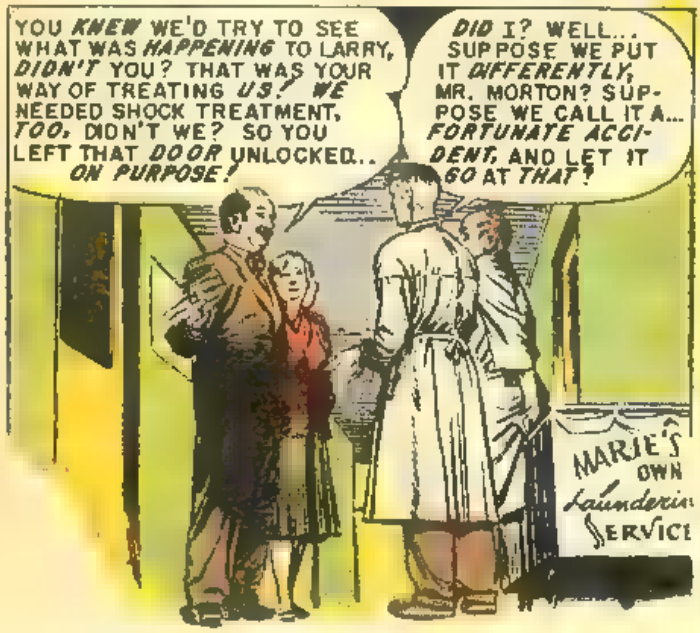
SOMEHOW, ANDERSON HAD LEFT THE DOOR UNLATCHED. BUT IT'S OVER NOW. YOU MASSAGE HIS ABDOMINAL MUSCLES TO AID RESPIRATION AND THEN YOU STAND ASIDE...



THE PATIENT ISN'T CURED. NOT YET. BUT HE WILL BE. ANDERSON HAS ENOUGH KNOW-HOW TO BE CERTAIN. AN ATTENDANT REMAINS WITH YOUNG MORTON AND YOU GO INTO THE CORRIDOR...



THE MORTONS CLING TO EACH OTHER. BUT AFTER A WHILE, THE MAN TURNS TO DOCTOR ANDERSON...



ANDERSON SMILES, AND YOU WONDER. *WAS* IT AN ACCIDENT... OR *WASN'T* IT? A COMPETENT PSYCHIATRIST... MAKING AN OVERSIGHT LIKE THAT... LEAVING THE DOOR OF A THERAPY ROOM UNLATCHED? YES, YOU WONDER...

...BUT, AFTER ALL, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER... NOW!

THE PIONEER

A Hungarian doctor with the unprepossessing name of Ignaz Philipp Semmelweiss was the pioneer in a movement that faced greater and graver dangers than any frontiersman. Not only did he risk his life in his work, but also the scorn and condemnation of his colleagues.

When Semmelweiss graduated from the University of Vienna and was awarded his medical degree, there was an appalling ignorance among doctors in many areas of medicine. None, however was so shameful and so tragic as the deaths occurring among new born babies and mothers from what was then known as puerparal fever. Today we know and recognize this condition as infection caused by insanitary methods. But more than a hundred years ago, sanitation was primitive and the whole idea of asepsis and antiseptic precautions was almost unknown.

Doctors would handle an infected patient and then after a cursory washing of the hands with soap and water would turn to a newborn baby, or mother and spread the infection there. Semmelweiss was greatly affected by what he believed were useless and needless deaths. Especially after a friend of his died as a result of an infection, he turned all his thoughts and efforts to sanitization of sick room procedures.

At that time, Semmelweiss was on the staff of a maternity clinic owned by a doctor named Klein. This clinic had one of the worst mortality rates at birth among mothers and babies. The percentages ran above 12 per cent mortality in any given month.

Unknown to Klein, Semmelweiss, who had been placed in charge of the maternity ward began a series of reforms. He ordered all doctors, orderlies and nurses to wash their hands with a solution of chlorinated lime water before touching either mothers or babies. This was instituted in May, 1847 during which month the average of 12 per cent mortality was maintained. Before the end of the year it had fallen to 3.04 per cent and by the second year to 1.27 per cent.

Semmelweiss became the man of the hour. Honors were bestowed on him from all sides for having brought on such a miraculous transformation. For now, maternity clinics were no longer death traps but places where mothers and children had a reasonable hope of coming home. However, Klein, a petty, vindicative man, was eaten with jealousy against Semmelweiss. At an opportune moment, he brought political pressure to bear and soon strong enemies rose against the pioneer doctor. Klein's influence was so great that Semmelweiss was driven from Vienna.

However, in Pest, Hungary, Semmelweiss was appointed head of the government maternity clinic. This place had an even higher mortality rate than Klein's clinic, but after seven years, Semmelweiss brought the death ratio down to less than one per cent. Ironically, this great and kind man died on August 17, 1865 of an infection of his right hand, the result of an accident, and so fell victim to the very disease he had given strength and fortune to destroy.

THE LESSON

DIAGNOSIS: *Fractured Skull* PROCEDURE: *Cranioplasty*

THE NIGHT IS RED-BROWN, HEAVY WITH RAIN. THERE IS NOTHING BUT ROAD AHEAD OF YOU, FRANK MARLEY... BLACK, SHINY, RAINSLICK ROAD GLISTENING IN THE WHITE, BRIGHT GLARE OF YOUR HEADLIGHTS. NOTHING AHEAD, SAVE DARKNESS AND THAT STRAIGHT, WIDE, INVITING ROAD...

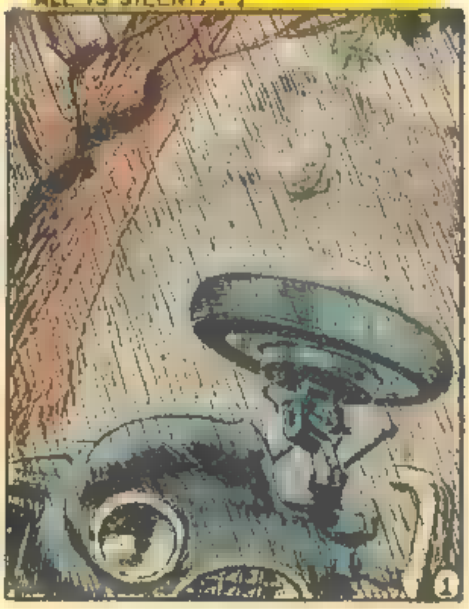
YOU ARE YOUNG, FRANK MARLEY, AND THE NIGHT LENDS MAGIC, AND YOU HOLD THE POWER TO SEND A TWO TON MACHINE HURTLING INTO THE BLACKNESS. THIS COMBINATION OF MACHINE POWER AND FEARLESS YOUTH MAKES YOU *KING* OF THE NIGHT. AND EVE... PRETTY EVE BESIDE YOU... IS YOUR *QUEEN*...

BUT COMES, THE CHALLENGE WITH A HARROWING SUDDENESS! WHAT *IS* IT, FRANK? AN UNSEEN *ROCK*? AN *OIL SLICK*? AN UNEXPECTED *CURVE*? WHAT SENDS YOUR RACING CAR *SPINNING*? WHERE IS YOUR *SURENESS OF YOUTH*... THE *MAGIC*... THE *POWER*? *VANISHED*... IN A HEARTBEAT'S MOMENT...

NOW THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH THE SHRILL SQUEAL OF TIRES ON PAVEMENT... THE FRIGHT-SCREAM OF A PRETTY GIRL. FRANTICALLY, YOUR YOUTHFUL REFLEXES FIGHT THE UNCONTROLLABLE... THE INEVITABLE...

...THE IRRESISTABLE FORCE THAT HURLS TWO TONS OF MAN'S GENIUS AGAINST ONE OF NATURE'S ROADSIDE SENTINELS... *CRASHING SIDE ON WITH A DEAFENING ROAR*...

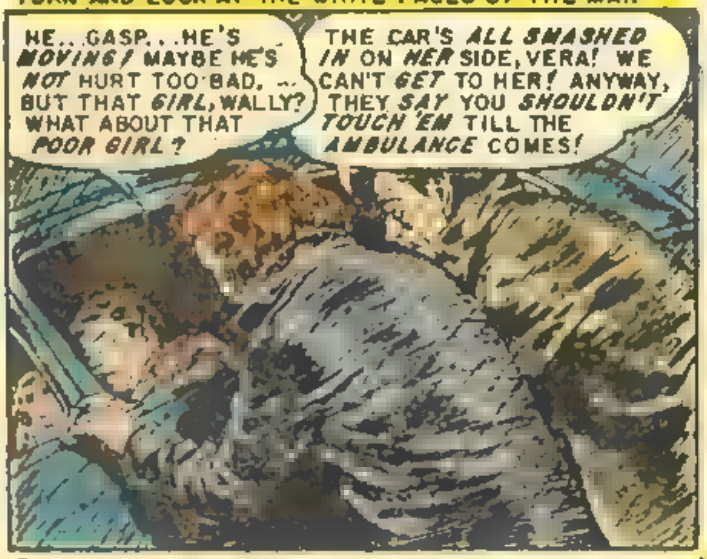
THE THUNDEROUS CACOPHONY OF THE CRASH OF STEEL AND GLASS COMES IN WAVES UNTIL YOU SINK INTO BLACK NOTHINGNESS. THEN, ALL IS SILENT...



SO YOU DON'T SEE THE HOUSE A FEW YARDS AWAY. YOU DON'T SEE THE LIGHTS GO ON...OR THE MAN AND HIS WIFE HURRY OUT WITH BLACK RUBBER RAINCOATS OVER THEIR NIGHT-CLOTHES. YOU DON'T HEAR THEIR FRIGHTENED VOICES...

SLOWLY YOU STIR, FRANK MARLEY, AND THE VOICES FILTER THROUGH TO YOUR BENUMBED BRAIN...

CONSCIOUSNESS EBBS BACK... AND SORENESS...AND PAIN. YOUR FACE ACHES. YOUR HEAD LOLLS AS YOU TURN AND LOOK AT THE WHITE FACES OF THE MAN



YOU TURN YOUR HEAD AGAIN, FRANK. YOU LOOK AT THE STILL FORM BESIDE YOU...

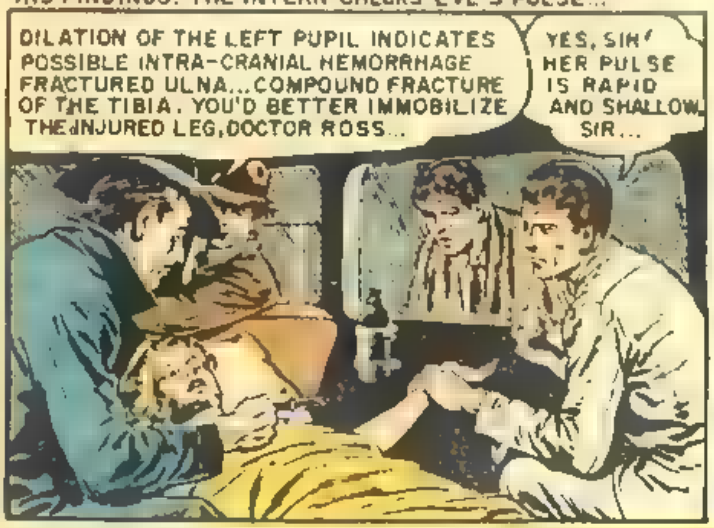
THERE IS A DISTANT WHINE OF SIRENS...CLOSER... TILL THEIR SCREAMING FILLS THE NIGHT. SPOTLIGHTS GLARE...THE SOUNDS OF VOICES AND HURRIED FOOTSTEPS IN THE RAIN..., A WHITE-UNIFORMED MAN, TALKING TO YOU...

YOU'RE OUT OF THE WRECK NOW, FRANK...YOUR LEGS WEAK AND TREMBLING. BUT THERE'S NO REAL PAIN... ONLY A SORENESS ABOUT YOUR HANDS AND FACE. SOMEBODY THROWS A BLANKET OVER YOUR SHOULDERS. ANOTHER WHITE-UNIFORMED MAN APPROACHES...THROWS THE BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT ON YOUR FACE. YOU RECOGNIZE HIM. MARTIN SOMNERS, M.D. YOU TRY TO TALK. BUT THE INTERN AT THE WRECK CALLS URGENTLY...

THE INTERN STANDS ASIDE AS DOCTOR SOMNERS LEANS INTO THE WRECKED CAR. A PATROLMAN, KNEELING ON THE BATTERED HOOD, PLAYS HIS LIGHT THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDSHIELD ON THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERT HANDS AND EYES SWIFTLY SEARCH FOR INJURIES...

YOU SHUDDER AS THEY BRING EVE OUT... AT THE SIGHT OF HER ASHEN FACE... THE SEVERE WOUND ON HER TEMPLE... THE BLOOD OOZING FROM HER NOSE. THE INTERN AND THE PATROLMAN LIFT HER BLANKET-COVERED BODY ONTO THE STRETCHER AND CARRY HER TO THE WAITING AMBULANCE...

YOU FOLLOW ANXIOUSLY, PEERING INTO THE AMBULANCE. DOCTOR SOMNERS INJECTS 1/4 GRAIN OF MORPHINE TO COUNTERACT SHOCK. ■ A CRISP MONOTONE, HE VOICES HIS FINDINGS. THE INTERN CHECKS EVE'S PULSE...

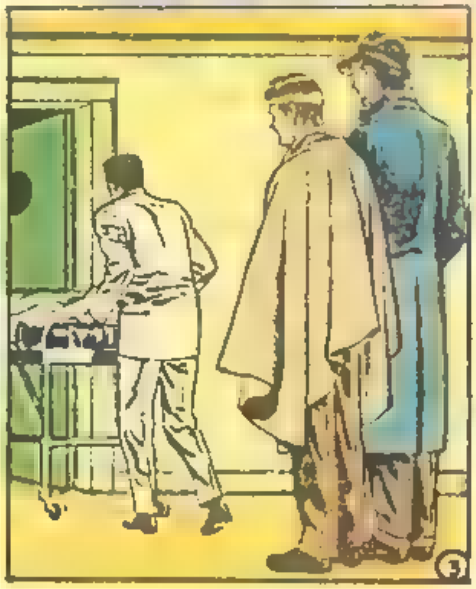


YOUR HEART POUNDS WITH AN UNEASY GLADNESS AT THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EVE IS ALIVE. DOCTOR SOMNERS COMES FROM THE AMBULANCE AND, GRASPING YOU BY THE ARM, LEADS YOU TO IT...

THE AMBULANCE MOVES RAPIDLY TOWARDS TOWN, ITS SIREN MOANING. DOCTOR SOMNERS CLEANS AND DRESSES YOUR CUTS, BUT THERE'S AN INNER WOUND HE CAN'T HELP YOU WITH, FRANK... A WOUND TO YOUR CONSCIENCE...

YOU HOPE FOR A CAUSTIC COMMENT FROM DOCTOR SOMNERS. HE SAYS NOTHING. YOU SUDDENLY WISH YOU'D BEEN *REALLY HURT... PUNISHED* SOMEHOW. YOU CAN ONLY TALK...

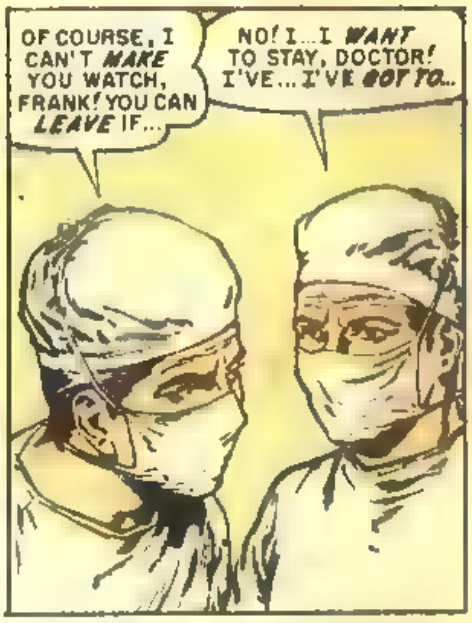
NO ONE ELSE SPEAKS, AND YOUR WORDS SOUND HOLLOW AND FLAT. THEN YOU SIT IN EMBARRASSED SILENCE TILL YOU GET TO THE HOSPITAL. YOU AND DOCTOR SOMNERS WATCH AS THEY RUSH EVE UP TO SURGERY...



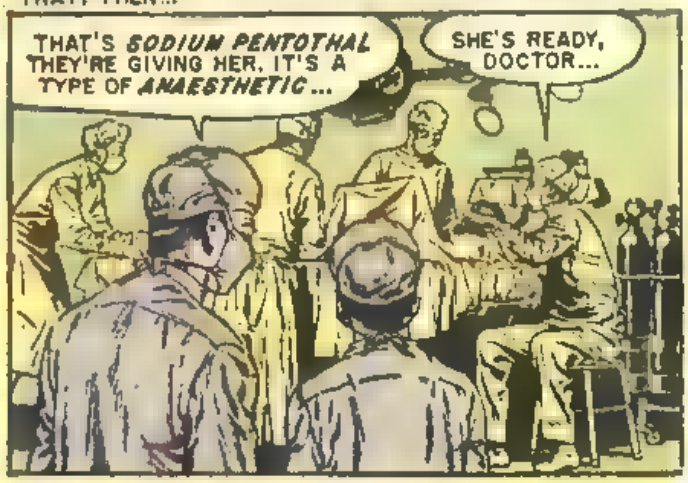
THEN, DOCTOR SOMNERS TURNS TO YOU. HIS FACE SHOWS WEARINESS, BUT HIS EYES ARE ALERT...HIS VOICE IS COMMANDING, YET IMPERSONAL...

HE LEADS YOU UPSTAIRS...TO THE SCRUB-UP ROOM. YOU STAND MUTE... UNPROTESTING...NUMB WITH THE HELPLESSNESS OF YOUTH WHILE A NURSE PUTS A WHITE SURGEON'S GOWN ON YOU. THEN A CAP ON YOUR HEAD, FINALLY TYING A SURGICAL MASK OVER YOUR NOSE AND MOUTH...

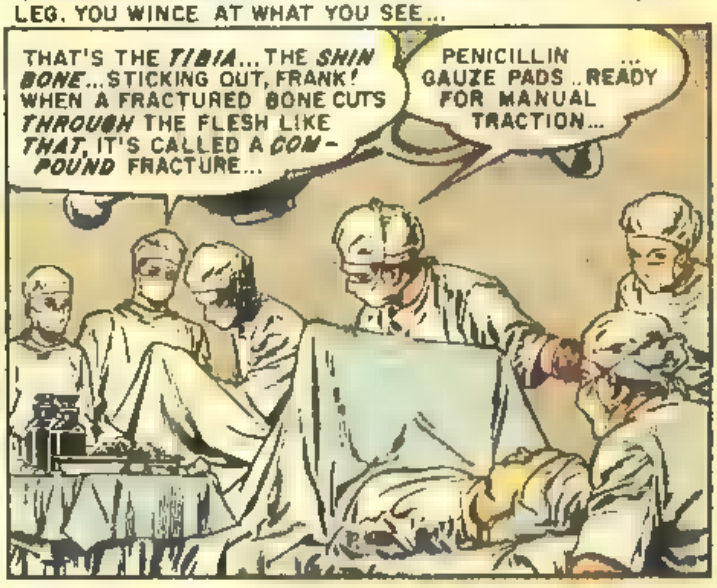
THIS, THEN, IS TO BE YOUR PUNISHMENT...TO WITNESS THE MENDING OF A HUMAN BEING...SHATTERED BY YOUR RECKLESSNESS...



YOU STAND BESIDE DOCTOR SOMNERS, WATCHING THE EFFICIENT BUSTLING ABOUT THE OPERATING TABLE...THE ANAESTHETIST, READYING HIS APPARATUS...THE SURGEONS, QUIETLY WHISPERING...THE NURSE, AT HER STERILIZER, LIFTING THE STEAMING INSTRUMENTS TO THE TRAY. THEN...

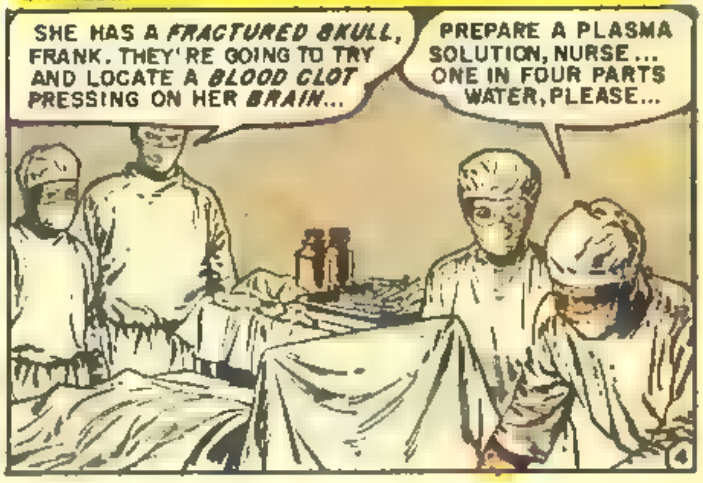


YOU WATCH THEM LIFT THE SHEET OFF HER FRACTURED LEG. YOU WINCE AT WHAT YOU SEE...



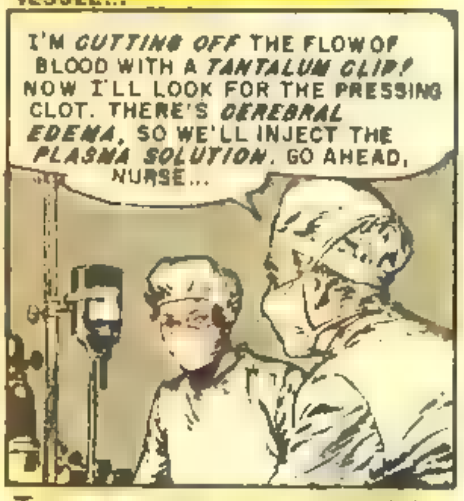
YOU WANT TO TURN AWAY, BUT YOU FORCE YOURSELF TO ENDURE YOUR PUNISHMENT. YOU WATCH THEM CLEAN THE GAPING TEAR, TREAT IT WITH PENICILLIN SOLUTION, THEN APPLY MANUAL TRACTION, DRAWING THE BONE INTO PLACE. THE FRACTURED LEG IS THEN SET IN SPLINTS TO AWAIT A CAST AT A LESS URGENT MOMENT...

THE ULNA...THE FOREARM BONE...IS QUICKLY SET AND IMMOBILIZED. NOW ALL ACTIVITY IS CENTERED ABOUT EVE'S HEAD WHICH YOU SEE HAS BEEN MADE READY... SHAVED...



YOU SENSE THE TENSION, THE ANXIETY OF ALL WHO WATCH AND WAIT. THE SURGEON TURNS TO THE INSTRUMENT NURSE.

THE SURGEON'S WORDS FALL MEANINGLESS ON YOUR EARS. THEY'RE MEANT FOR DOCTOR SOMNERS. THE TREPHINE BITES AWAY ONCE MORE AND IS WITHDRAWN AGAIN. THE SURGEON'S PROBING EYES AND FINGERS LOCATE THE BLEEDING VESSEL...

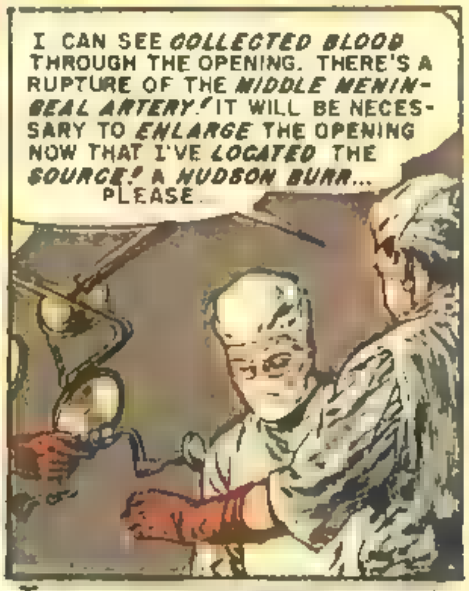


THE SURGEON GENTLY PREPARES A MOLD OVER THE DEPRESSION... A MOLD THAT IS USED TO MAKE A DIE OF ZINC AND A COUNTER DIE OF LEAD BETWEEN WHICH THE SMALL TANTALUM PLATE IS FORMED. A FEW HOLES ARE DRILLED IN THE PLATE AND THEN IT IS STERILIZED...

THE PLASMA IS INJECTED INTRAVENEOUSLY. THE SURGEON EXPLAINS TO DOCTOR SOMNERS THAT THE PLASMA SOLUTION IS USED TO REDUCE THE LIQUID CONTENT OF THE BRAIN, THEREBY REDUCING ITS SWELLING. IN A FEW MINUTES THE PLASMA DOES ITS WORK...

THE SURGEON RETURNS TO THE PATIENT. HE MAKES SLOTS IN THE SKULL OPENING TO RECEIVE THE TANTALUM PLATE. QUICKLY, SURELY, HE TRIMS THE PLATE TO FIT...

THE SURGEON'S SKILLED HANDS GRASP THE TREPHINE... APPLYING IT... STOPPING... WITHDRAWING IT...

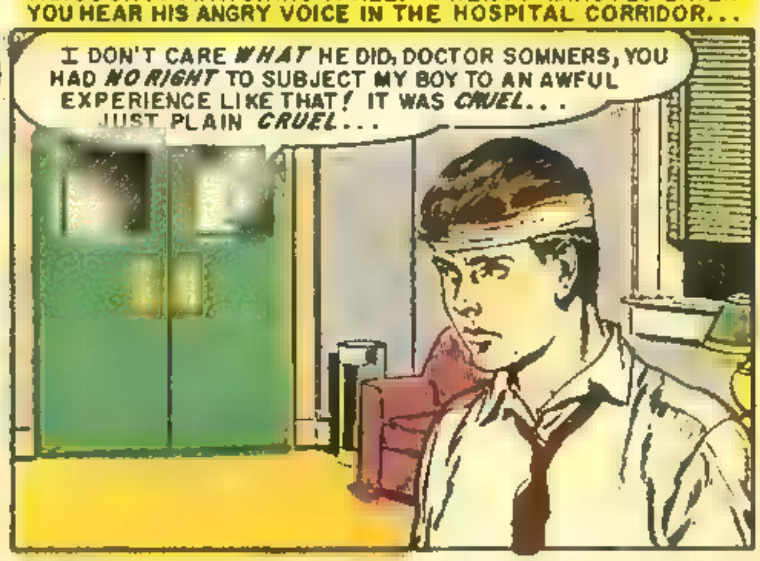


THE CLOT IS REMOVED, THE INJURED BLOOD VESSEL IS REPAIRED, AND THE TANTALUM CLIP IS RELEASED...

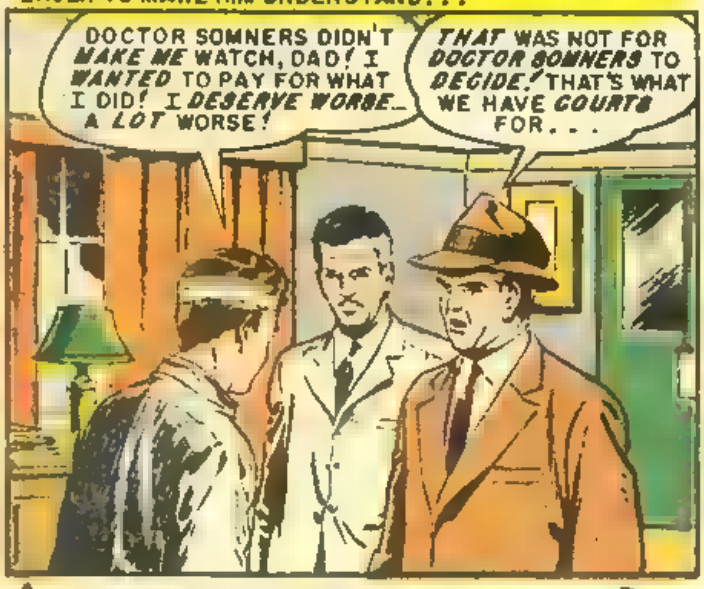
THE PLATE IS INSERTED IN THE SLOTS AND TANTALUM POINTS ARE TAPPED THROUGH THE HOLES OF THE PLATE INTO THE SKULLBONE ITSELF. FINALLY, THE WOUND IS CLOSED AND SUTURED...

YOU SIT IN THE WAITING ROOM, FRANK MARLEY, EXHAUSTED BY YOUR EXPERIENCE, YET FEELING EASIER FOR HAVING GONE THROUGH THIS "VISUAL ATONEMENT." YOU'RE SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY A GENTLE VOICE...

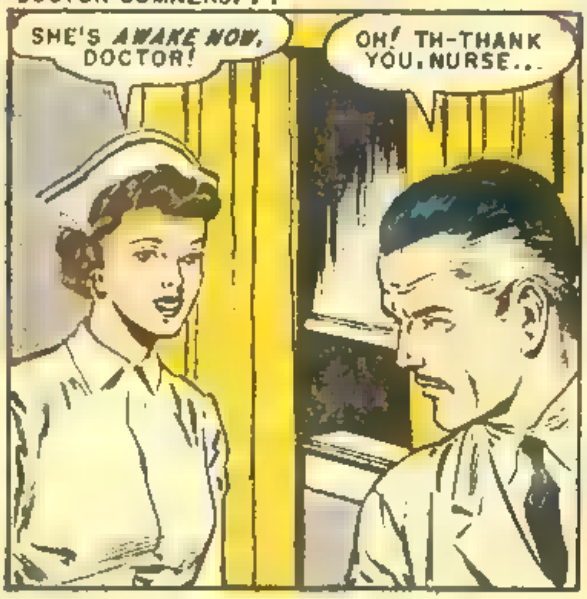
YOUR FATHER ANSWERS THE PHONE AND YOU TELL EVERYTHING...ABOUT THE ACCIDENT...EVE...WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH...WATCHING IT ALL. TWENTY MINUTES LATER YOU HEAR HIS ANGRY VOICE IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR...



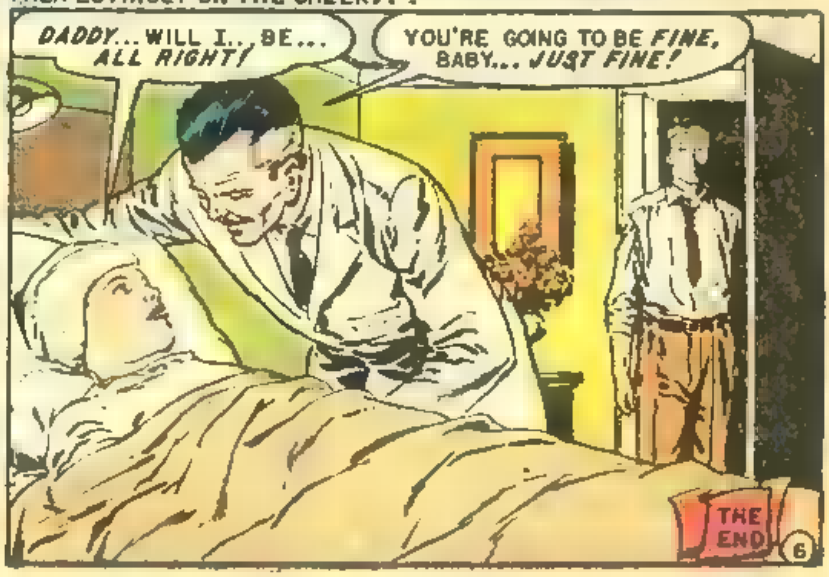
YOUR FATHER'S FACE IS FLUSHED WITH ANGER AS HE APPROACHES WITH DOCTOR SOMNERS. YOU GO TO HIM... EAGER TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND...



A NURSE APPROACHES. SHE SMILES AT DOCTOR SOMNERS...



DOCTOR SOMNERS INVITES YOU TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO EVE'S BEDSIDE. YOU FOLLOW HIM IN...WATCH HIM GO TO HER...KISS HER LOVINGLY ON THE CHEEK...



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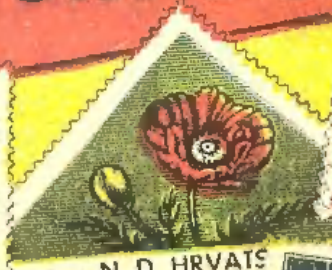

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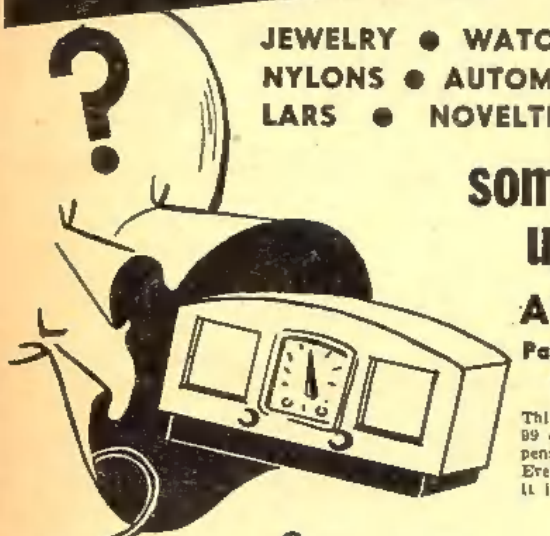

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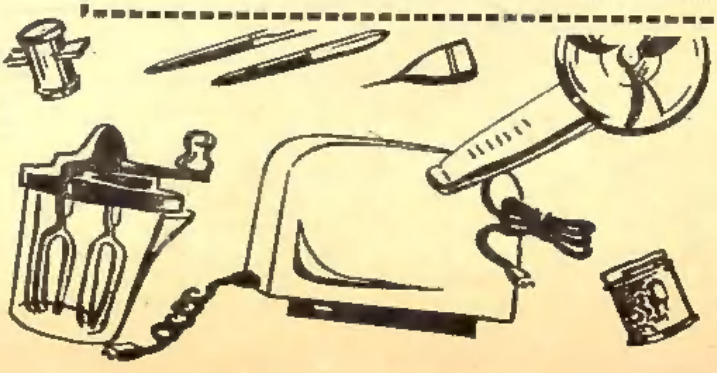

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The most treasured possession you can own is a beautiful life-like enlargement of your favorite picture or snapshot. It's beauty and sentimental value will be cherished by you and your loved ones down through the years to come. Ordinarily, beautiful big enlargements like this, printed on fine quality portrait paper are costly. But, if you ACT NOW, you can have a big 5 x 7 enlargement ABSOLUTELY FREE.

If you have always wanted to have your favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the picture of Movie Stars you have always admired, here's your opportunity to make this wish come true. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more with the quality of our work, we make this promise again: If you will send us your most cherished snapshot (either the actual picture or negative), we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement, on fine quality portrait paper, absolutely FREE!

IMPORTANT—Please enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing and receive our bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frame with your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oil colors, and sent to you on approval. Just as Technicolor improves on old-fashioned black-and-white movies, our artistic hand-coloring gives character, beauty and life-like personality to YOUR enlargement!

Here's What To Do—Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned with your FREE 5 x 7 enlargement! That's all there is to it! Limit 2 to customer. Act now! Offer limited to U.S.A.

LOOK! We Will Pay Up To $100.00 For Children's or Adults Pictures Used In Our Advertising!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-39
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative. (specify number, limit 2)

Please make _____ free enlargements. (specify number, limit 2)

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ ( ) State _____ Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

COLOR—Picture No 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____